

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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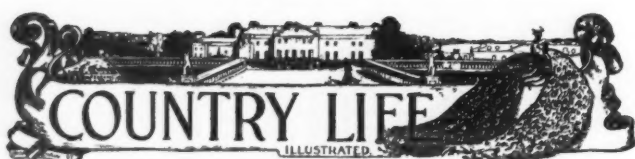
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Photo. ALICE HUGHES.

LADY EVELYN CRICHTON.

52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION

LADY EVELYN SELINA LOUISA CRICHTON is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Erne, of Crom Castle, Newtown Butler, in the County Fermanagh. She and her sister Lady Mabel are well-known and well-beloved and much admired in Society, both in Ireland and in London. Their father, who sat for Fermanagh before he succeeded to the title, is a very great man indeed in the Orange organisation of the North of Ireland. Their mother is a daughter of the third Earl of Enniskillen.

"TIPS."

ONCE a very rich man said to a very poor man, the present writer, "One should regulate one's scale of living so that one can spend money as one drinks water—without thinking about it." Such advice, from one who owned to an annual income of £80,000 a year, so given, is reminiscent of the advice of Dr. W. G. Grace to the tiro cricketer, "Keep up your wicket, and the runs will come." This, to the trembling batsman who is going in to the only Australian Jones, savours of an unconscious irony, like the counsel of the rich man; counsel, moreover, which was given before the last two successive summers of drought.

It is not for those who are able to regard their money like water (not in the year of drought), or like the silver coinage of King Solomon, that the question of tipping has an importance; but, unhappily, they are not in a majority. And, singularly too, it is some of these richest ones that in point of fact seem the droughtiest about letting their money flow. That is a matter, however, that belongs to another and more subtle enquiry concerned with the singular and complex nature of man. The present enquiry is of a less recondite kind, being an attempt to solve the question of the times and degrees of appropriate tipping and refraining from tipping. A correspondent lately sent us a letter on this subject, in which he gives an account of his own expenditure under this head on a three days' visit and two days' shoot. Apparently they were walking partridges, and the bag was ten brace one day and twelve brace the other, with two hares and ten rabbits. For this he gave the keeper 7s. 6d., with which the man appeared satisfied. For two very moderate

days' sport this was, perhaps, about enough, though it strikes us as being just on the lower, rather than the more liberal, scale. It must be understood that in this discussion we are not taking any moral position. No such position is defensible in the matter. Morally speaking, a man ought not to be tipped at all for work that he is paid for doing; but custom is all-powerful in the matter. Our present object is to find out what the custom is, and to indicate a guiding scale. Often it happens that a young fellow is both willing and able to give the right amount according to iniquitous custom's ruling, but does not know what etiquette demands of him, and makes in consequence absurd mistakes in the direction of the one extreme or the other.

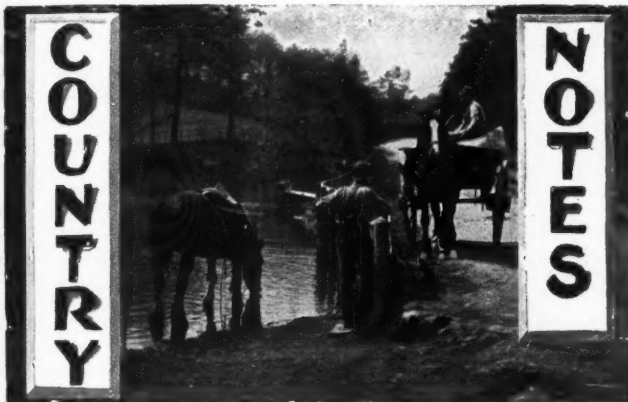
Some fifteen years or so ago two distinguished and titled sportsmen, accredited the two best shots of the day, laid down the principle that they would give the keeper 10s. a day every day that they went out, whether the day were a good one or a bad one. But good and bad are relative terms, and these great shots, shooting mainly in the great shooting counties, would never be asked to go out on what the ordinary man would call a "bad day." The ordinary man might evidently depart from this rule, and for a day of twelve brace of partridges or so, with odds and ends, give from 2s. 6d. to 5s., as he felt inclined, or for a dozen rabbits and an odd partridge or pheasant give 2s. 6d., with a sense that it was very ample. Days of this calibre probably did not come within the ken of the noble sportsmen indicated above when they laid down their hard and fast tariff. On the other hand, there are days for which 10s. seems rather little, and it has been the writer's rule in life to give £1 on the few days (and not the happiest days, for the matter of that) on which over 1,000 pheasants have been killed, and 10s. for every at all considerable day under that number. The tipping of the keeper question is infinitely complicated where there is a head-keeper over all, and also under-keepers with defined beats. In these cases the master is kind if he has a box for tips to be put into, and failing this—though as a rule tipping should be done in secret, being a matter of charity—it is almost permissible to ask the master, or a son of the house, to whom tips should be given. "One does not want to seem stingy, but one does not want to be a fool," is a statement of the case that colloquially, but very justly, sums up the difficulties of the situation.

Our correspondent whose letter suggested this article says that he gave his cartridge carrier 1s. a day. This is exactly according to scale, and equally according to scale to give 5s. a day to a loader, if he be not your servant, while the same is ample payment for a fishing gillie. It is to be noted, however, that the scale of shooting tips varies in different localities. Near London, where there are many rich business men, the scale is higher than elsewhere. To the groom who drove our correspondent to and from the station in a dog-cart—about a quarter of an hour's drive each way—he gave 2s. This was adequate, perhaps, but 2s. 6d., though it is only 6d. more, seems a much bigger thing, by way of a tip, than 2s. To the footman who looked after his clothes for three nights he gave 2s. 6d.; and here we think he went a little below the standard. Of course, there are degrees of valeting; but for the ordinary valeting we think 1s. a night is considered the standard, and certainly not above the standard; 5s. for four days we should regard as the ideal. The use of the term comes with a shock, reminding us of the despicable character of the whole enquiry. But we must take life as we find it. For the housemaid our friend left 1s. 6d. in his bedroom. The housemaid question is one that is very variously answered. Some few bachelors that we have compared notes with give nothing, or leave nothing, for the housemaid, but the majority, we think, do recognise her services, and perhaps our correspondent's rate may be accepted as a just one. Married men, we think, generally leave the housemaid's tip to their wife, or their wife's maid, and the rate is perhaps rather less than 1s. a night. Our friend asks whether he ought to have sought out the boot cleaner, and given him something? No; but when there is a great deal of luggage to move, 1s. may be given to the man who helps with this. Also the under-housemaid has been known to expect a tip from a married pair; but this is going a little low in the scale of creation.

And there is always the butler. He does mighty little for a guest, and yet he expects a tip now and then. There is no standard for him. A great many men never tip the butler at all, and where a man has his own servant with him the butler is, perhaps, saved work, rather than given extra work, by the visit. But the commoner way of dealing with the butler seems to be to tip him occasionally. Probably a sovereign at Christmas time is quite enough from a bachelor for the butler at a house where he often visits. The general practice, one finds, is to give 10s. or so from a married couple for a short visit, with the edge generally taken off the tip by a few letters stamped, and perhaps a telegram sent.

And there is a deal in the manner of the tipping, and in the treatment of friends' servants generally. It is hard—no doubt, very hard—to realise that the powdered footman and majestic butler (as it was hard for the schoolboy to realise it of the Greeks

and Romans) are "men of like passions with ourselves"—hard to realise that they are human, and yet the fact remains that they are; and being human, they have a human weakness for being addressed like human beings, and can even feel human sentiments towards ourselves. They are also very observant, being especially trained to habits of observation. Therefore they know exceedingly well whether a guest is wealthy, or the reverse, and are quite capable of being considerate, in proportion, about the tips they will expect from him. There is no doubt that the acceptance of tips must have a demoralising tendency. At the same time we know many a keeper who accepts his tips with gratitude, and yet would never dream of giving exceptionally good places to the rich men who tip him sovereigns and half-sovereigns at the expense of those who give him half-sovereigns and crowns. But to win from servants this human consideration they must be spoken to as if they had their share in the human fellowship. They respect you none the less for it. As for the rudely-offensive keeper, we hear of him as we hear of ghosts; but it has never happened to us but once to meet him, for that man's manners were so ameliorated on the second time of meeting by a complete abstinence from tipping him on the first, on the part of the whole company of shooters, that we could hardly believe him to be the same person. Our first shoot in that worthy's company was the cheapest we ever enjoyed, but the improvement in his manners made things more expensive on the second occasion.



REPORTS of battles in South Africa come thick as leaves from Vallambrosa; and most of them are denied the next morning. The safest thing to do is to discredit three-quarters of them and to allow a generous discount in estimating the value of the remaining twenty-five per cent. What is really comforting in the meanwhile is to observe the excellence of the public spirit of Great Britain. During the past week it has been visible in a very plain form at Waterloo Station, at Southampton Docks, and at the Guildhall, and in the Courtyard of it. Nobody who witnessed those great scenes, or any one of them, is likely to forget them.

No harm can be done by mentioning them again at this late hour, for they were stimulating and worthy. At Waterloo the Prince of Wales came on purpose to bid God-speed to the resolute general of much experience who was going out to take command. Brave and just and firm and prompt in act and decision, Sir Redvers Buller is just the man for the work which will have to be done, whether it be that of quelling rebellion or of setting in order a country which has been rebellious. Said a veteran war-correspondent, as he looked at him, "I should not care to be an Irishman brought before Buller after being captured in arms against our troops. It would be a case of 'Any tree convenient? No? Well, two poles will serve!'" As for the conduct of the women, it was, as it has been all through, admirable. Once one out of a party—doubtless, poor lady, her heart was full—began to give way. But her friend gave her a stern look and said, "I thought we had got over all that last night." An effort at self-control followed, and the idle tears ceased.

It was just the same at Southampton. Men and women alike knew that the enterprise which was beginning was on the grand scale, that serious work was to the fore. There was not much affectation of gaiety; but neither was there vain lamenting. Only, just as the Dunottar Castle was starting, there was one pathetic moment. Above the cheering, and through a confused medley of songs, the ladies sang "God Save the Queen"; and the grand air overcame all other noise. It meant that the English people have set their teeth, and there is an evil time in store for those who hope to stand in their path. And at Guildhall the tone was equally calm and earnest on Monday. It takes a great deal to rouse the blood of the City of London, but when it is heated it does not cool quickly, or before the desired object has been completely secured.

A striking proof of the sympathy of Americans with our present South African policy is afforded by the offer which has been made by the Atlantic Transport Company to allow the Government the gratuitous use of its steamship *Maine* as a hospital ship. The chairman of this company, Mr. B. N. Baker, is an American, as are several of its directors.

Tuesday morning brought one crumb of comfort, and one only, to those who care much whether the *Columbia* beats the *Shamrock*, or the *Shamrock* beats the *Columbia*. That is to say, one race was over and done with, and it seemed to be in the last degree unlikely that five races, or anything like that number, would be required to decide the rubber. For it was a hollow affair all round. Herreshoff had beaten Fife, Barr had walked round Hogarth, and Iselin had conquered Lipton, and with a decently strong breeze upon a smooth sea the American yacht had won an easy and signal victory. To commandeer an anecdote from the *Daily News*, we sympathised with the cynical Northerner who, whenever the mention was made of a certain battle in which the South had won the victory, used to say, "Somehow or other I never seemed to feel any interest in that fight." It was as clean a victory as the heart of an American could desire; and the experts were confounded—as, indeed, we had feared they would be.

Experts, as we said last week, have a perfect genius for false prophecy, and in this case their errors have been in exact proportion to their boldness in entering into detail. Our fear that they would be proved to be as blundering as usual was due not to any special knowledge of the lines and construction of the competing yachts, but to bitter experience of the fallibility of experts. It was the expression of the opinion of a writer who during each of the last twenty-five years has staked the same small sum, always in the Derby, never in any other race, always on an outsider, and has a balance to the credit of his betting account, which, if he sticks to his principles, will remain a credit balance, unless he lives to be about 200. But of the construction we do happen to know one little point. When the *Shamrock* was first seen in America some sheer nonsense was written and telegraphed, to the effect that she was 3in. fuller on one side than the other. Let us hug no such fond delusion to our breasts. Mr. Fife, the designer, openly stated that Messrs. Thornycroft, in carrying out the mechanical part of the work, had practically reached the limits of human accuracy. In a word, we knew on Tuesday morning that England had been beaten on the merits; and yet we knew enough of the uncertainties of yacht-racing not to indulge in absolute despair. In the afternoon we knew that the *Shamrock* had broken her topmast early in the second race, thereby of course losing it. The rubber will be decided before Christmas yet.

War, even with a country which does not raise enough corn and vegetables to supply its population, has caused wheat to rise from 27s. to 34s. per quarter. The last rise in the price of wheat, during the Spanish-American War, came at a time of the year when few farmers had any wheat left to sell. This time it comes when the harvest remains in their stackyards, and prices for the next twelve months are certain to rule high. The harvest has been better than usual, and agriculturists will have, what they have not enjoyed for many years, a good season and good prices.

The other half of the usual increment which the food and stock-raising class always reap from war falls mainly to our cousins across the Atlantic. Mules and donkeys in tens of thousands will be needed for transport, and the bulk of these are being purchased in the great mule-breeding areas of the United States. According to statistics published by the *Live Stock Journal*, the supply of these creatures is practically unlimited. Italy and Spain alone own nearly 3,000,000 mules and asses. But the United States is the only country in which mule-breeding for transport purposes, as apart from local needs, is carried out on a great scale. The number of mules has risen from 1,700,000 in 1880 to over 2,000,000 in 1899. Good Italian mules have been selling for £20 apiece, in view of the special war demand.

It is rather a terrible affair to hear that within the horizon of practical politics is a light railway over Wimbledon Common. It is true that this is denied, and it is said that the railway will run over Putney Heath, not Wimbledon Common; but the one is really part of the other, and yields nothing to the other in beauty. It is beauty of a kind that it is surprising to find within a walk of Hyde Park Corner—of the kind that we associate with Scottish surroundings. There are bracken, whin, heather, alder, and birch-clad glens. All this it is proposed to desecrate by a puffing locomotive, and all the unlovely appurtenances of a railway, to lead whither? To places uncommonly well supplied already with all kinds of means of access. Without

any very detailed knowledge of the question, it certainly does look at first glance as if this railway, should it ever be made, would be a veritable superfluity of naughtiness.

The lack of agricultural labour seems to be severely felt in Lincolnshire, where the potatoes want gathering and there are no hands to gather them. It is reported that the criers are going about in some of the towns offering three shillings a day for female pickers, and yet sufficient labour cannot be got. With all conceivable improvements in machinery, there must ever be a residuum of the work that human hands must do, and it looks as if there would be a continued scarcity of hands in rural districts to do it. It becomes increasingly necessary, as we often have urged, that landlords and all who have the opportunity should do what they can towards making the country life of the people more interesting and tolerable.

The scare about tuberculous milk has led to experiments showing that infected cows do not necessarily produce infected milk. The trials were made by the British Dairy Farmers' Association, who tested a great number of samples of milk from cows which had "reacted" with tuberculous symptoms when tested. None of these had any tuberculous bacilli in them. The tests were accurate, for when the bacilli were artificially introduced to the milk they were easily detected by the same tests. This may, and probably does, account for the few cases in which consumption has been traced to milk. The experiments also demonstrated that the cows which lived in the open air were least liable to consumption, and that the Jerseys showed the lowest percentage of "reactions."

The Sporting Spaniel Club is an institution that is doing good work, and it is pleasing to see that it meets with all the success and encouragement that are only its just due. It counts over 100 members, and a new departure that is announced on its programme this year is the gift of a prize or prizes for the best retrieving dog of any breed. In addition to this there are prizes for the best sporting qualities and evidence of the best breaking among spaniels proper. The judges will be Lord Alfred Fitzroy and Mr. S. Smale; and we are pleased to note that the club will expect to see the dogs exhibited dropping to hand or shot, standing to their game and flushing it at command, and so on. Spaniels are not so easily broken to be steady as setters and pointers, but it is very well to have a high standard of breaking for them too, even if it cannot always be attained. Under the auspices of the same club prizes for show qualities in spaniels will be given at the Birmingham Dog Show, where Mr. Llewellyn will be the judge, and a good judge too. We like the way in which Mr. Arkwright, the president of the club, sums up the qualities required in a good retrieving dog—"brain, nose, mouth, steadiness, dash, perseverance, and obedience." A fair list of the cardinal virtues of retrieving doghood.

The Tay is keeping up its reputation for big fish, and a fifty-two-pounder and a forty-six-pounder have been killed in the same water this last fortnight. In fact all through the latter end of the season, since the rains have come to put some water into the river, it has fished in a manner worthy of its old fame, better than for many a year.

Already, that is to say before the middle of October, we have had some severe frosts even in England. In Scotland such temperature is by no means unusual. But these early frosts—in Cheshire they have registered 7deg.—indicate a probability that the leaf will be off the tree early, to the advantage of the cub-hunter and the pheasant-shooter. Also the early frosts make it likely that the pageant of autumnal colouring will be a gay one. And of that we see some accomplishment already.

To give a gratuitous advertisement is contrary to the fundamental principles of journalism, but there are cases which are irresistible. Most of us, when we go to Paris, desire to do as Paris does, in the matter of food and women's dresses at any rate. The following advertisement, from which in mercy we have eliminated the name of the hotel, should show us what to avoid:

"An innovation, valuable for English and American travellers, is the handsome and comfortable breakfast-room, the meals being served quite in English fashion from 8 to 10 a.m. There will be found the dishes familiar to those accustomed to assemble at that early family meal which so gracefully and patriarchally distinguishes English homes, and the impression of which will certainly last throughout the whole day."

We should think so—but surely the italicised passage is not exactly happy.

A few years ago a general crusade was instituted in the Lothians of Scotland against the rats which overrun that part of the country in great numbers, and its success was remarkable in reducing the rodent population. But there has been a season of comparative apathy since, and in consequence the vermin are gathering their forces again and becoming nearly as trouble-

some as ever. The time is at hand when a fresh crusade must be instituted, for it is only by common action that any appreciable effect is produced. The Lothians country is one of high-class farming, with splendid crops of roots and potatoes, and possibly this is the reason that the rats find especially good quarters there.

This year, of course, the Lothians have suffered under some measure of the almost universal failure of roots, but the potato crops are very good, and the returns for good potatoes are very considerable, as much as £40 an acre and even more having been obtained for them. Perhaps no part of the country has felt the general agricultural depression so lightly, and many farms are still letting there at a rough average of £4 to the acre, £5 for the best land, and £3 for the less good. These are figures that it would be almost cruel to quote to an Essex or Wiltshire landlord.

Mr. Joseph Collinson, of Chancery Lane, London, has written to the *Manchester Guardian* an interesting letter, in which he traces, more or less completely, the efforts of the hoopoe to naturalise itself in England. Certainly that pretty little bird has been very persistent, and it has met with no reward. Gilbert White noted at least one effort, so did Frank Buckland, and the Rev. F. O. Morris had collected some thirty or forty instances in which the hoopoe had tried to replenish the English earth—and had got stuffed. That is inexpressibly sad. Mr. Collinson might, indeed, have gone further back to point out that, ever since the days of King Solomon, the hoopoe has been persecuted for its beauty. In old times, says Mr. Kearton, it was supposed that the hoopoe's crest was made of gold. So the persecution began; and now we fear the case of the hoopoe is hopeless. But Mr. Collinson's letter is welcome, all the same. It is in the right spirit. It may tend to save other birds which are not yet in quite such evil case as the hoopoe.

Another inexcusable case of bird murder is reported from North Norfolk, from the same district in which a demoiselle crane was recently killed. The victim in this case was an eagle, said to have been a golden eagle, but doubtless an immature white-tailed eagle. These birds were always in the habit of visiting the North Norfolk Coast, but of late years their constant destruction in Scotland, where, unlike the golden eagle, they have few sanctuaries, has caused them to become some of our rarest birds. This eagle was killed between Sandringham and Lynn. When we remember that the Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk, the Earl of Leicester, allows these birds to remain undisturbed for months when they visit Holkham, and that recently one was permitted to stay as long as it pleased in Mr. Upcher's woods at Sheringham, we cannot help regretting that the example is not followed by everyone carrying a gun in Norfolk.

In a letter to the *Times* of one day last week, wherein a correspondent is deploring the destruction of rare birds visiting this country, he adds a paragraph, that has all our sympathy, on the cruelty and wantonness of killing the unfortunate seals that appear on our coasts. These creatures are nearly as useless when dead as they are harmless in life; in about nine cases out of ten they sink, when killed, in such a depth of water that their carcasses, even if they were valuable, could not be recovered. On the West Coast of Scotland the fat of the seals is sometimes melted down for sheep-dip, but probably the dip can be bought better, and, considering the labour involved, cheaper. Generally speaking, however, it is with no thought of the utility of the carcass that the seaside visitor kills his seal. "There is a seal; let's shoot it," is about the sum total of the reasoning forces that he undertakes, without a thought beyond. There is this to be said, that comparatively few of the shots fired at them take effect.

The very general failure of the root crops has had its marked and inevitable effect on the bags of partridges in all those countries where driving does not prevail. For the purposes of driving it does not matter that the birds get up as soon as a man enters the same turnip-field with them, but where it is desired to walk up within range of the birds it is better that they should have some covert to lie close in. This is probably the true reason that they are so much more easy of access when the roots are big and full foliaged—that they then lie close, in the expectation of being passed and overlooked. It is not to be thought that even in the closest leafage of swede or turnip they do not perceive the gun long before he comes within range.

But for the difficulty of getting at the partridges in the scant root covert the bags would assuredly be large, for the birds seem generally plentiful, and the survivors of the first hatch were strong on the wing even early in the season. Pheasants, on the other hand, do not appear very forward, but probably they will be fairly well grown as soon as the fall of the leaf makes it possible to do them any justice.

No doubt a great relief has been given to the partridges by the crusade instituted in many parts of the country against the rooks. These black-avised villains have grown so cunning that it is said you may sometimes see them regularly hawking down each side of a fence in search of partridge nests, and though, perhaps, few of them proceed on these strictly scientific lines, still they undoubtedly destroy a great number of eggs and young. On the other hand, we have a word to say in defence of a special

friend of ours on a point wherein we deem him unjustly maligned. It is argued sometimes from the presence of this friend of ours, the common owl, about the pheasant coops, that he is there for the nefarious purpose of preying on young pheasants. We do not believe it of him for a moment. Is it not evident that the corn strewn about the coop is likely to attract numbers of rats and mice, and that it is in search of them, and not for pheasant flesh at all, that he is seen in the neighbourhood of the coops?

PHEASANT SHOOTING AT PRESRAW.

AN article dealing with pheasant-shooting on anything approaching to a considerable scale in early October needs a word of preliminary explanation. Fifteen years ago the stock writer of "seasonable sporting articles," equipped with the extract from the calendar, "Oct. 1—Pheasant-shooting begins," and with the knowledge that pheasants are rather lengthy in the tail, would have proceeded to his work "gleefully and with ease." He would have armed his sportsmen to the teeth, with rifles as likely as not, he would have represented them pouring a hail of lead into masses of helpless pheasants huddled into a corner, he would have called the whole proceeding a "battue among the longtails," and he would have descanted at length on the beauty of the scenery, and on the hideous contrast of the organised butchery, the blood-stained feathers, and all the rest of it. Public knowledge has advanced now. These really childish misrepresentations seldom appear as *bona-fide* statements, except in the pages of a few town-bred lady novelists, and, where they are published in newspapers, they represent either sheer carelessness, or the desire of the editor to have a fling at the upper classes even at the expense of truth. Everybody really knows that the cream of pheasant-shooting on a large scale cannot be had until the leaf is off, and that the man who is equally keen on horse and gun is tempted by both at the same moment.

Exceptional cases there are, however, in which good pheasant-shooting may be obtained on a considerable, but not

on a colossal, scale in October; and the case of Baron de Bush at Presraw Park is one of them. Moreover, his taste in the matter of shooting is such that he uses his opportunities to the best advantage. Undoubtedly he could, as will be plain to him who reads between the lines of this article, enjoy a few big days upon which large, but not by any means record, bags could be made. Instead of taking that course, he prefers to spread his own enjoyment and that of his friends over the whole season, and to be content with a large number of days rendered

memorable by a sufficiency, but not a glut, of sport. Having this object in view, he is exceptionally fortunate in his environment, as may be seen from a brief account of the character of his estate. Presraw, which lies not far from Bishop's Waltham, in the pleasant county of Hants, once formed one of the estates of one of the best-abused men in England, Mr. Walter Long. It is now the property of Baron de Bush, who exercises hospitality in a fine sixteenth century house, restored and enlarged in the early years of this century. The estate is of about 1,700 acres, with a due admixture of arable, grass, and woodland. The park is of 410 acres. The whole is guarded and looked after by a body of five keepers, by no means too many to cover the ground thoroughly and to attend to the business of rearing pheasants, of which some 2,000 are brought up every year. Rabbits there are, too, of which some 4,000 or 5,000, adding greatly to the sport, bite the dust between New Year's Day and December 31st; and there is a good and improving stock



W. A. Rouch. PHEASANTS FEEDING IN A RIDE. Copyright—"C.L."



W. A. Rouch.

STARTING FOR THE HEDGEROWS.

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W. A. Rouch.

A STAND IN THE PARK.

Copyright—"C.L."

of partridges, enough to produce an annual crop of about 350 brace now, and likely to produce an even better return in the future, for numbers of Hungarian and Norfolk partridges have been turned down, and there is nothing like change of blood. Pheasant-rearing, of course, takes up a good deal of the time of the keepers, and we give as our opening picture a pleasant vista of pheasants feeding in a ride. It was taken on the same day as the shooting, and it might lead the ignorant to imagine that after all there must be some substance in the accusation about tame birds. But those who know the ways of pheasants will be well aware that such a sight is by no means uncommon, and that the birds are none the less likely to fly fast and high, and to

be far harder to kill than one would imagine, although they have the good sense to come home to tea. Last winter, for example, after a brisk morning's shooting in some capital coverts within fifteen miles of Charing Cross, we paused for luncheon in one of the rides; and while the sportsmen refreshed themselves the birds did likewise, 200 yds. down the ride and in full view. But that did not in the least prevent them giving plenty of trouble to the guns afterwards.

The estate, in a word, is thoroughly "well done." Five keepers are not at all too many to attend to it thoroughly, to rear and feed the pheasants, and above all to preserve them from poachers, human and otherwise. For the neighbourhood used to be by no means free from men who poached, and pheasants are a strong temptation, and rabbits hardly a less powerful inducement; but the verdict of the local poacher, heard in a place not to be named before Sir Wilfrid Lawson, is that "Preshaw is no use now." Animal poachers there are, too, for Hampshire is rich in *fera natura*, but they grow less and less. In fact, there is a vermin bush,

the picture of which is omitted for the sake of our softer-hearted readers, which reminds one of a butcher-bird's larder. For our own part, we confess that this is the aspect of sport which is least pleasing, and it is to be hoped that all good landlords impress upon their keepers the duty of sparing at least the nobler birds of prey, which are not numerous enough to work substantial havoc. Nor are they to be seen on this well-filled vermin bush. The marauders who have paid the penalty are four-footed for the most part, the cruel stoat or the murderous pole-cat, the sneaking, vicious, and bloodthirsty weasel. With them our sympathy is but cold.

Five men went out for to shoot, not to make a great record, but to enjoy themselves. They were Baron de Bush, Mr. A. E. Bush, Mr. R. Bush, Mr. A. Bush, and Mr. G. H. Hodgson. The principle upon which Baron de Bush manages his shooting may be described succinctly as "going one better" than the maxim that "enough is as good as a feast." That, perhaps, is a saying more honoured in gourmandise than in shooting, and applicable rather to a single day's entertainment than to a series of delights. But to have the opportunity of good shooting on almost any suitable day, from the 1st of December to the 1st of February, to be able to offer shooting to your friends over and over again, to own shooting which invites you to "cut and come again"—that is a precious privilege and pleasure, and it certainly belongs to Baron de Bush.

Situated though his estate be in a capital game county, happy as is the proportion between grass and arable, generous as his expenditure is, he could hardly enjoy this privilege but for two or three features of the estate, due in part to the characteristics of the country, and in part to the forethought of his predecessors.



W. A. Rouch.

RATHER LOW.

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W. A. Rouch.

A HIGH BIRD.

Copyright—"C.L."

The Hampshire hedges, long, straggling, tangled, and wide, sometimes double with a tangled brake between, are a treasure. Perhaps even those who know them and their like elsewhere hardly appreciate their value until they have spent a season or two on dreary hedgeless flats where high farming prevails. The Hampshire belts, too, long narrow strips of trees with thick undergrowth, are a gold mine of game, as are the somewhat similar shaws of Kent. They are the very thing made by Nature for early pheasant-shooting, and they are inexhaustible. Also the warren, which includes some 250 acres of Preshaw Down, gives some sport, and goes a long way to make up the tale of rabbits.

But with all this the special merits of Preshaw have not been exhausted. The very best thing about it is the manner in which the coverts are distributed, particularly in the park. That Baron de Bush must have found ready to his hand; he could hardly have created it in a lifetime. It is not the area of the woodland that matters so much, but its distribution. For ourselves we would rather have two coverts of twelve acres each, nicely separated, than one of fifty acres, and we should hold three such to be more choiceworthy than a wood of 100 acres.

This treasure of numerous belts and of abundant plantations of moderate size Baron de Bush possesses; and the advantages are incalculable—but no, they can be calculated with precision. In the 100-acre wood you must have a whole army of beaters, you can never shoot until the leaf is off, you may arrange your stops and your nets never so cleverly, but you cannot be sure of showing the birds well, nor of showing them all. With coverts of manageable size you require far fewer beaters, and they are therefore the more easily kept under command, you can drive



W. A. Rouch.

A BELT—MARK OVER!

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in our ears as we wrote. It is, "I wish, my Lord Bateman, as it was mine." But it is not; it belongs to Baron de Bush. Long may he flourish to enjoy it.

ON THE GREEN.

UNLESS we are wedded to the extreme view that all competitions are necessarily abominable, that is a very satisfactory type of competition that Mr. E. A. Hambro instituted when he gave the Hambro challenge bowl to the Royal Eastbourne Club. It is a prize that is open to any golfer in the county of Sussex, is played for under tournament conditions, and nothing of any pecuniary value accompanies it. It is therefore free from almost every imaginable objection that the opponents of competitions are so fond of urging. And no less satisfactory than the nature of the competition is the result of the latest tournament, decided last week by the victory of Mr. Algernon Smith over Dr. Bookless. Mr. Smith worked hard for the club for many years as its honorary secretary, and may accept this win as some slight reward for his labours of love.

Mr. Harold Reade, the Irish champion, played in a manner worthy of his title at the late meeting at Portrush. There are too many championships, and we are glad to see that the editor of *Golf* has specially directed his censure towards the indiscriminate application of the title of champion. There is this championship of Ireland, which is a perfectly legitimate thing; but there is also the championship of the South of Ireland, which is somewhat of a superfluity; and in England we offend no less, for we have championships of Yorkshire, of Hampshire, and so on, and also of Wales. The last might perhaps be allowed to pass, but for the anomalous fact that the same man has held for some years, if we mistake not, the championships both of Yorkshire and of Wales. It really does look as if there was something a little slack in the conditions of the one championship or the other. A man ought not to be qualified to play for two counties at golf any more than at cricket, and this is virtually what holding in the same hands both Yorkshire and Welsh championships seems to amount to. The Sussex Union, we are pleased to see, has carefully excluded the words champion and championship from its programme.

Competition by tournament appears to have many more friends than

the competition by score; and it is but natural that this should be so, seeing that the tournament gives occasion for the match play which is the real and most enjoyable form of golf. The Cinque Ports Club is a great supporter of the tournament idea, and last week again one of these was in progress over that fine green of which its admirers claim that since recent improvements it is as good a links as its near and more famous neighbour Sandwich.

Ireland, we see, has so far progressed in golfing interest as to justify (we trust, at least, that the venture is justified) the starting of a weekly publication on the game, called the *Irish Golfer*. We have always thought that we ought to find a new and special brand of humour when the Irishman began to play golf, and especially when the Irish caddie came on the war-path. Hitherto Ireland has rather disappointed that pious expectation. Perhaps this new weekly will give it the medium of expression that is required, for of golfing humour even poor old Scotland has contributed more than a mite; and if this be done in the dry tree what shall be done in the green?



W. A. Rouch.

JUST IN TIME.

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your birds from covert to covert almost at your desire, you know more or less exactly what will happen, and you can be sure of showing your birds in the open, which is a great thing. If you can show them high, so much the better. That depends partly on the contours of the ground, partly on management. By good tactics, which are clearly to be found at Preshaw, you can show high birds without having any special natural advantages. By bad management, in spite of natural aids, it is unfortunately only too easy to procure low birds. On the whole the number of high birds shown at Preshaw is demonstrated from the pictures to have been highly creditable to the intelligence and to the knowledge of the habits of pheasants possessed by those who had the ordering of operations. Of its kind it is an ideal estate, and a certain familiar quotation has been ringing



V.—MEZZOTINT.

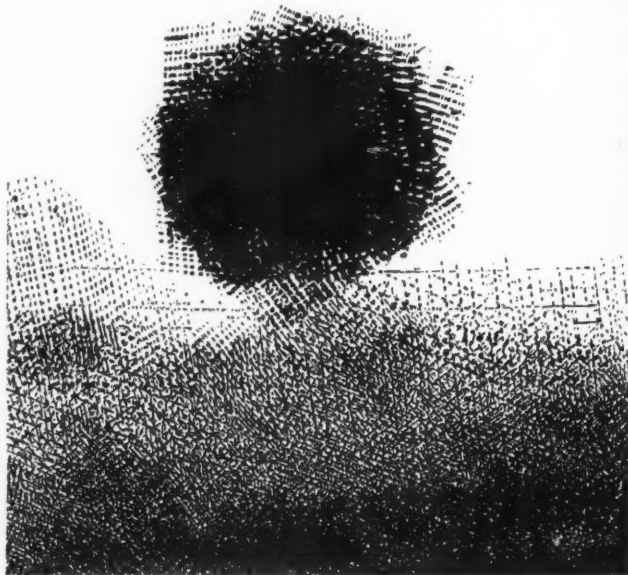
THE style of engraving to be considered in the present article is perhaps the most popular of all; and although mezzotint is, in the main, interpretive work, and therefore of necessity lacks the spontaneous inspiration of etching, still as it translates so perfectly the paintings of the school of Reynolds and Romney, and seems to reproduce even the touches of the painters' brush, it possesses a real charm and exerts a powerful influence over lovers of art.

The circumstances of the invention of mezzotint, and of the production of its first example, are well authenticated. Ludwig von Siegen, a soldier in the service of William VI., Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, was an enthusiastic art amateur well acquainted with all the systems of engraving; and, working out an entirely new method of his own, and keeping the secret of his invention strictly to himself, he at last was able to announce his discovery by sending a few impressions of his first finished plate to the young Landgrave. This was a plate that would highly delight the young Prince, for it was none other than a portrait of his mother, the Landgravine Amelia Elizabeth. With the impressions Von Siegen sent a letter vaguely explaining his process.

This was in the year 1642, and for a dozen years Von Siegen preserved the secret of his invention, as it was not until 1654 that Prince Rupert, also a lover of art as well as a soldier, who had been roaming from one continental town to another, found himself at Brussels, to which city circumstances had led the

The restoration of monarchy in England brought Rupert back to this country, and with him came the art of mezzotint engraving.

Now a few words as to the production of a mezzotint. The engraver takes a sheet of copper that has been well polished, and after first marking parallel lines across it with chalk, about three-quarters of an inch apart, he takes a curved edged



SPECIMEN OF MEZZOTINT GROUND.

(Enlarged to three times the scale of the original.)



Painted by Sir J. Reynolds. MRS. BONFOY. Engraved by James MacArdell.

inventor of mezzotint engraving. Here the two men met, and a friendship arose, with the result that Von Siegen disclosed his secret to the Prince and instructed him in the technical details of the new process. Rupert set to work with the eagerness of an enthusiast, and four years later produced the early masterpiece of the art, "The Executioner of John the Baptist," a plate of marvellous power and of great size.

tool, so made that the edge is a series of dots, and placing this tool between the first two chalk lines, he rocks it to and fro, and very slightly moves it away from him at each stroke until he works the instrument right across the plate and completes a series of zigzag dotted indentations in the metal. He performs the same operation in the next chalked division, and then again and again until he has covered the whole plate. The entire operation is then repeated the other way of the plate, then diagonally, and so on over and over again at different angles until the plate has been roughened evenly all over. The tool that performs this work is called a cradle, or rocker, and the process is termed "laying the ground." That the reader may quite understand the process, we have reproduced a small piece from a partly "grounded" plate enlarged to three times the scale of the original work. Now the task of scraping (another term for engraving in mezzotint) begins. After the design to be engraved has been transferred to the roughened metal, the engraver takes a tool, in form something like a lancet, and scraping away more or less of the roughness, as the parts of his subject require to be light or dark, he gradually develops his picture, and in the end produces the finished mezzotint engraving which when printed is so familiar to us all.

This style of engraving is suited to several classes of subject, but it is pre-eminently the method for portraiture. The first plate of all was, as we have said, a portrait, and, in like manner, the first plate engraved in England was a portrait—Charles II., by William Sherwin, produced in 1669. The art once planted in this country soon established itself here, attracted a number of artists—including possibly Sir Christopher Wren—and made itself so thoroughly English as to be termed by our French neighbours *la manière anglaise*. A great proportion of the work of the painters of the Lely and Kneller period (the period of the establishment of the new art) was engraved in mezzotint, and it is surprising how quickly the technicalities of the method were learnt and the difficulties overcome. Beckett, one of the

first practitioners, produced most excellent results, while John Smith and John Simon, who were employed in Kneller's house to engrave his portraits, between them scraped something like 175 plates from their master's canvases. Many of these plates render the painter's touch with wonderful fidelity, and are highly esteemed by present-day amateurs.

A reason why mezzotint engraving exercises a legitimate sway over collectors is that although the work is interpretive, yet each interpreter seems to have employed a different language, or, in other words, the work of almost each engraver has its own individual qualities. And as each man worked more or less on lines of his own, it is easy to understand that a number of them introduced improvements of manipulation that add to the attractiveness of the art. To begin with, Von Siegen produced his first plate by working from the lights to the shadows; but no sooner was Prince Rupert initiated into the mysteries of the process than he (as seen by the plate of "The Executioner of John the Baptist") began his work by laying a uniform ground (in principle somewhat in the way we have described), and then scraped from a solid black to the lights—a method since universally adopted. Abraham Blooteling, another early engraver, who came to this country from Holland, made further improvements in the laying of the ground; and then George White, who was engraving a little later than John Smith and Simon, introduced the system of outlining the subjects in etching, a practice that has been usually adopted ever since his day, Richard Earlom being accustomed to make most elaborate preliminary etchings. And so almost each engraver seems to occupy a separate niche in the history of the art.

During the reign of Anne, and still more so during that of her successor, painting in England declined to a very low ebb, and consequently mezzotinting suffered great depression. So much was this the case that towards the middle of the eighteenth century the art almost died out. However, the darkest hour heralded a glorious dawn; and thanks chiefly to three men in Dublin—Beard, Brooks, and Miller—mezzotinting was kept alive, and coming back to London, advanced so rapidly under the skilful hands of Brooks's pupils, that from about 1755 to 1810 plates were produced of the greatest beauty, that gained and still possess immense popularity. Of course, mezzotint engraving owed much to the revival of painting, under Reynolds, Romney, and their contemporaries, for the works of these painters were exactly of the kind to bring forth the best qualities of the scraper's art; but it is also true that the painting of the period was indebted to the lesser art of the mezzotinter. As a result the two arts advanced side by side, each giving the other help, and the painters and engravers worked in close alliance.

The first of the revivalists was James MacArdell, who led the way to the greatest achievements of the art by his engravings from pictures by Vandyck, Rubens, and others of the earlier school, as well as from those by his contemporaries, Reynolds, Hudson, and Ramsay. Though almost all MacArdell's work was done in London, he learnt mezzotinting under Brooks at Dublin, and among his fellow-pupils were Houston, Spooner, and Purcell.



Painted by Sir J. Reynolds.

Engraved by Wm. Dickinson.

LADY DIANA CROSBIE.

From among MacArdell's prints we have selected for reproduction the portrait of Mrs. Bonfoy, engraved in 1755, and it well shows the capabilities of mezzotint. The plate was one that became very popular, and was copied by several engravers.

From the time of MacArdell's success the number of mezzotinters rapidly increased, and many of the most delightful plates that are so popular and expensive at the present day were produced. In the year 1762, Edward Fisher, the engraver of many well-known prints, produced the charming "Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy," which we reproduce; four years later he published the portrait of Lady Sarah Bunbury, and five years later still he engraved that exquisite rendering of human affection, "Hope Nursing Love." The portrait of Lady Sarah Bunbury ranks among the masterpieces of the art, and well deserves the popularity it has achieved. Lady Sarah, it may be remembered, was one of the bridesmaids to Queen Charlotte.

Working at the same time was James Watson, of whose nearly 200 plates some sixty were from paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds. His best work was produced between the years 1765 and 1780. What a number of his engravings might be named that would recall brilliant plates to the mind of the collector; but we can simply point out that it was James Watson whom Reynolds employed to engrave those subjects in which mothers are represented with their children.

As the century neared its close, quite an army of engravers crowded upon the scene. There was John Finlayson, the engraver of the portrait of the Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll—one of the famous Miss Gunnings, who was mother of four dukes. There was William Pether, who made a great



Painted by Sir J. Reynolds.

Engraved by Edward Fisher.

GARRICK BETWEEN TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.



Painted by the Rev. W. Peters

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Engraved by J. Raphael Smith

feature of candle-light effects, and was so happy in his renderings of that class of subject from Joseph Wright's pictures. And there was Valentine Green, who during a period of some forty years engraved about 400 subjects, and working with great delicacy of touch, scraped some of the finest plates. At the time of writing, an impression from his "Three Ladies Waldegrave," after Reynolds, holds the record price, for a mezzotint, of £588. With the name of Jonathan Spilbury we remember the superb portrait of Miss Jacobs, which won a premium at the Society of Arts at the time it was engraved; and of the work of John Jones we have already seen a specimen in the portrait of Lady Caroline Price, reproduced in the second article. The original painting by Reynolds, from which this engraving was made, was sold a few years ago for £3,885. It is worth remarking that though Jones produced nearly fifty plates after Reynolds and Romney, he engraved the portraits of only three ladies after each painter.

Space compels us to pass over such illustrious names as Richard Earlom, Thomas Watson, and William Dickinson—except to draw special attention to Dickinson's portrait of Lady Diana Crosbie, of the year 1779, and that we reproduce—to say a few words about John Raphael Smith. Among all the engravers the art of mezzotint has produced, J. R. Smith is perhaps the very best. His scraping has all the strength and vigour of a man who is complete master of his craft, while his training as a painter enabled him to add to his touch the true feeling of the artist. His plates number well over 200; and whether he was interpreting Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence, Peters, or Gainsborough, he brought to bear upon his work the skill and talent necessary to give effect to each painter's style. In the first article we gave a specimen of his genius in the "Lady Pelham Clinton Feeding Chickens," and now we are able to reproduce "The Fortune-teller," a most attractive plate after the Rev.

William Peters, engraved in 1786, and companion to "The Gamesters," that was engraved by William Ward.

George Morland found an admirable translator in Raphael Smith, as well as in his two relatives William and James Ward; and these three mezzotinters produced some of the choicest plates, after the wayward painter, that to-day realise such high prices.

James Ward, who, by the way, was born in the same year as Wellington and Napoleon and lived until 1859, was a most agreeable painter as well as engraver. Unfortunately for mezzotinting, in about the year 1817 he put aside the scraper to devote himself entirely to the brush; but not before he had finished many beautiful plates. From among them we reproduce the delightful subject of country life, "The Dairy Farm," engraved from the picture he himself had painted.

As the century turned and the demand for mezzotints became greater, a difficulty arose in that the copper on which the engravings were done would not yield a sufficient number of impressions. As a remedy it was decided to work upon a harder metal, and William Say, in the year 1820, was the first mezzotinter to employ steel, in a portrait of Queen Caroline. With the introduction of steel the art of mezzotint declined;

for the harder metal would not yield impressions of the rich velvety quality obtained from copper.

Still, the present century has had its highly-important practitioners, as the mention of such names as George Clint, Henry Meyer, David Lucas, Charles Turner, and Samuel Cousins is sufficient to testify.

Our *résumé* of mezzotint would be sadly incomplete were we not to mention the most important series of engravings that was published by J. M. W. Turner under the title "Liber Studiorum." As Turner trained a number of line engravers for his "England and Wales" and "Southern Coast" series, so he trained a group of mezzotinters—including Charles Turner, Say, Lupton, H. Dawe, and Clint—to reproduce in mezzotint a specially-prepared set of drawings, made for the purpose of rivalling a similar set of studies by Claude, that had been



Painted and Engraved

THE DAIRY FARM.

By James Ward, R.A.

mezzotinted by Richard Earlom some years before and published under the title "Liber Veritatis." In this series we have landscape plates brought to the highest excellence; but we are unable to show a specimen, as the effects of the original engraving would be lost in the reproduction. Those amateurs who visited

the Turner Exhibition at the Guildhall a few months ago had an opportunity of studying a collection of exceedingly choice impressions from this unrivalled series; and an equally fine and almost complete set may at any time be seen in the Print Room of the British Museum.

ALFRED WHITMAN.

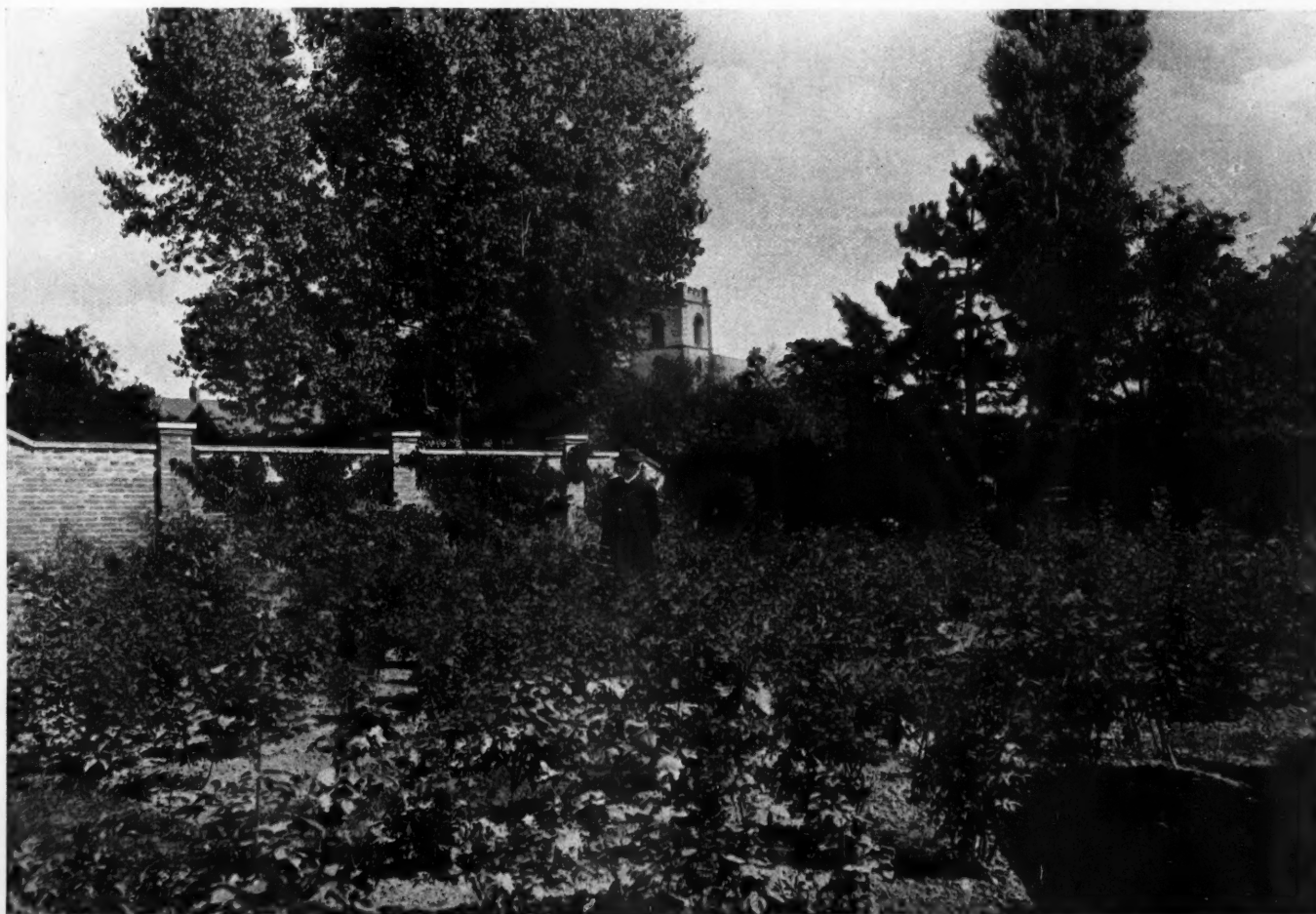
ROSES—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

By DEAN HOLE.

"I came to the place of my youth, and I said,
'The friends of my youth, where are they?'
And echo answered, 'Where are they?'"

I HAVE come back for a while to the place in which I have lived my life, all but a decade in the Deanery at Rochester, and I go into my garden, where, once upon a time, 5,000 rose plants grew, and I say to the 500 which represent them now,

claimed that the Wars of the Roses were over, and that the colours of York and Lancaster were blended in peace? Where is Rose Celeste, sweet and blushing as miss in her teens, which we children loved most of all? Where are the Burnet, the Portland, the Pimpernel, the Pompon roses? Where is the Damask, Rose du Roi, in crimson velvet robes? Where are the Provence roses—the cabbage, sweetest of all? Where are all



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THE DEAN IN HIS GARDEN AT CAUNTON MANOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"The roses of my youth, where are they?" Alas! as when in a Sunday School no responsive hand is held up to indicate information, so now there is no sign, no sound.

Where are the roses of my childhood? Even the wild roses which beautified the hedges of our high roads, and embowered our rural lanes, have in many districts almost disappeared, hacked to death by the billhook, or grubbed up altogether to make way for iron rails, or for that abomination of desolation, the prick-wire fence. In the garden, where are the great bushes of the moss rose, exquisite in the bud, but somewhat prickly and sticky to our tiny and grimy fingers? Where are the flowers which pro-

the admirable roses painted in Redouté's charming book? Where are the roses of which Mrs. Gore wrote some sixty years ago? She gives us the names of nearly 400 "species allowed by botanists," and of more

than 1,500 varieties; where are they—the Emperors and Empresses, the Kings and Queens, the Princesses, the Archbishops and Archdukes? Where is the Rose de quatre saisons, better known to the working gardener, who, like Mr. Lillyvick, has no opinion of the French language, as "Quarter Sessions"? The *Assemblage des Beautés* is dispersed; the *Bella Donnas* have retired from the stage. *Gloria Mundi* and *Merveille de l'Univers* are faded and gone!



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CAUNTON MANOR HOUSE

"COUNTRY LIFE"

"I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted,
Whose guests are fled, whose roses dead, and all but he departed."

Here and there in ancient gardens, in shrubby borders, and in neglected nooks a few of the old roses may still be found, and specimens are sent to me from time to time with a request that I will "name this child." Some of the latter I am able to identify from personal acquaintance or from their portraits in my possession; but they arrive, as a rule, in an advanced stage of decomposition, and I can only designate them as pot-pourri. One of my correspondents accepted this reply as the correct appellation for the rose, and I had intense gratification, on a subsequent visit to his garden, in reading that he had named his *bella incognita* in large black letters on a white ground, "ROSE, POT-POURRI"!

The more numerous survivors of those which bloomed when

"In the days of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses and hear the birds sing,"

are the Ayrshire, the Banksian, the Scotch, the Austrian briar, and, true to its title, the Semper Virens. Among the latter, conspicuously, *Félicité-Perpetuelle* (who will tell us when and

seedling roses, of which No. 1 was worthless) still remains one of the most fascinating flowers in our gardens, on wall or trellis, although I have heard the exhibitor denounce it as "not having staying powers," but nearly

"All its lovely companions
Are faded and gone."

The hybrid perpetuals—was it imaginable that Abel Grand and Alphonse Damaizin, the Baronesses Prevost and Rothschild, La Belle de Bourge la reine, Caroline de Sansales, Comtesse de Chabillant, Jacques Lafitte, Jules Margottin, Mesdames Lacharme, Laffay, Rivers, and Vidot, Paul Verdier, and William Jesse could ever be superseded? Was not the Duchess of Sutherland as pre-eminent for her beauty among the roses then as the living Duchess amongst the ladies now? We gave ros. 6d. for *Géant des Batailles*, and we saw him mortally wounded by *Général Jacqueminot*, and the aphides came down like birds of prey upon the slain, and the mildew made him a shroud.

Général Jacqueminot we regarded as invincible until Charles Lefebvre, achieving a more glorious reputation, became our



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CAUNTON MANOR: THE WILD GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

why it was abbreviated to *Perpetue*?) reminds us of the delights, pure and infinite, which gladden the rosarian's heart.

Passing on to manhood, through the years in which the cricket-bat and the football, the new gun, the pony, the cob, the hunter, enticed us in our hours of recreation from the garden to the wicket and the goal, to the woods and to the stubbles (there were stubbles in those days nearly up to the knee, and there were men who preferred to find and follow their game rather than have it driven to them), to the time when, more than fifty years ago, that love of flowers innate in us all came back to be with me always, again, I ask—the roses, which changed my apathy into enthusiasm and made the desert smile, where are they? The *Gallicas*, robust in growth, resplendent in colour, but more remarkable for size than symmetry; *Boula de Nanteuil*, *D'Aguesseau*, *Kean*, *Ohl*, *Shakespeare*, where are they? *Rien ne me surpasse* has been jeered to death.

Where are the Hybrid Chinas, the Hybrid Bourbons, which once absorbed our admirations (the defect is never in the flower, but in our impotent appreciations)? where are *Brennus* and *Chénéolé*, *Charles Lawson*, *Coupe d'Hébé*, *Paul Perras*, and *Paul Ricaut*? *Blairi* No. 2 (*Blair* a gardener, raised two

commander-in-chief; and so by a gradual development of beauty we have been constrained to admit, ever cherishing with tender affection our memories of the past, the superiority of the roses which are with us now.

"Never, sure, since high in Paradise
By the four rivers the first roses blew,"

have they been so numerous or so exquisite—never such a diversity and perfection of colour and of form. Who could weep for the Bourbon Queen in the magnificent presence of *Her Majesty*? But what a consternation of woe would come if half a million of our English homes were denuded of *Gloire de Dijon*! What a paralysis and softening of the brain, what sighing and sobbing would ensue if the fond rosarian was separated for ever from his *Anna Ollivier*, his *Augustine Guinoisseau*, his *Beauty of Waltham*, his *Caroline Testout*, his *Catherine Mermet*, his *Eugénie Verdier*, his *Margaret Dickson*, his *Marie Baumann*, his *Marie Van Houtte*, his *Therese Levet*, his *Suzanne Marie Rodocanachi*! Imagine his desolation and despair, bereaved of his *Enchantress*, his *Sylph*, his *Little Pet*, and his *Bride*.

The bountiful and beautiful addition of new roses which has come to us, and the cry is "Still they come," in these latter



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NEWARK CASTLE FROM THE TOWPATH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

days, has been most welcome to the fastidious exhibitor who desires to have both size and symmetry, with every petal in its place. There was a time when the nurseryman who desired to show seventy-two and the amateur forty-eight varieties were perturbed in spirit, when, like sad young Lovel, they sought wildly, but could not find the object of their affections, when they were constrained to include roses which had outlived, had not yet attained, or never would attain, perfection, and were sorely tempted to insert a duplicate, which by any other name would smell as sweet. It has been my painful duty more than once, when acting in a judicial capacity, to disqualify a collection on account of this vain repetition; and I recall an occasion, when in a box containing "twenty-four distinct varieties" I counted

five Charles Lefebvres. It is a rose which *decies repetita placebit*, but not under false pretences, and there is now an ample abundance for the selection of those who grow roses largely, an *embarras de richesses* rather than a dearth. I have seen an exhibitor, when cutting for a show, with two specimens of La France in either hand, and one between his teeth.

And it may be noted here, that this accumulation of material has been accompanied by a more artistic arrangement, so that we no longer see a rose of moderate dimensions dwarfed by its gigantic neighbour, or the results of that colour blindness which has no perception of contrasts or combinations.

(To be continued.)



IN the midst of a desert in Rajputana there is a small summer palace, which is a centre for shooting and pig-sticking expeditions. The palace overhangs a little lake, the only piece of water for miles around, and for that reason frequented by all the game in the neighbourhood, both big and small. In the early morning it is visited by packs of sand-grouse, and towards evening the wild pig come down to drink. Herds of them can be seen feeding on the further shore of the lake, and beside them are the different kinds of deer that the Maharajah preserves at Gajner: black buck and chinkare, the great grey nilgai, and the tiny, curiously-shaped hog-deer. Among

the large game there are hosts of peacock strutting about; on the muddy edges of the tank grey cranes stand motionless, and the lake is covered with wild duck of six or seven different kinds. Every day the wild boar are fed at Gajner. There is little sustenance for them in the barren country around, and twice a day they gather in the jungle for their feed of gram, a kind of coarse grain. They come at the call of a picturesque old man, who has been pig-feeder to the Maharajah's family ever since he was a child. He wears a ragged, quilted coat, an ancient puggaree, once white, and he carries a thick staff to defend himself against possible attack by any of the boar. At the end

of the garden a terrace commands the piece of low jungle where the old man stands, calling out "Ao, ao" (come, come) in strange, melancholy tones, and scattering handfuls of gram on the sandy ground. Then is heard the sound of a mighty scuffling, and from every side the pig are seen rushing through the chequered light and shade of the jungle, chasing and dodging each other in their eagerness to be first. Soon their snouts are buried in the sand, and they are all munching and grunting. They are of all sizes and ages, from young, timid small pig to heavy, savage-looking old boar, with enormous tusks, and there must be quite a hundred of them. Every now and then a quarrel takes place, a new arrival, generally a full-grown boar, bursts into a peacefully-feeding group, scatters it, and goes for the offenders with his tusks. They disperse, cut and bleeding, and the intruder settles down to their gram. Sometimes a regular stand-up fight takes place between two old boars, who get up on their hind legs and make for each other with tremendous force. And all the time the old man stands motionless, scattering the gram and calling "Ao, ao" in his shrill, monotonous voice.

These same pig who are preserved and fed in this way run well enough when it comes to pig-sticking. They seldom give very long runs, for the country about Gajner, although good going, is extremely open, and the boar is generally either overtaken after a short fast run, or gets away into a line of nullahs and is lost altogether.

The more pig that escape the better pleased is the old pigman at Gajner, who is sadly distressed if many of his boar are slain in one day. There are two ways in which a mere on-looker can watch pig-sticking. One is to follow the run on horseback, keeping at a discreet distance behind the spearman. The other way is to enjoy a bird's-eye view of the sport from an elephant's back; and this, though less exciting, gives more opportunity of seeing what is going on. The party generally goes out towards evening when the heat of the day is over. It is a picturesque procession. First goes an army of beaters, whose brown faces and limbs are set off by the coarse white garments and puggarees that they wear; next comes a group of men mounted on camels, and carrying long sticks with flags which make them



THE PIG-STICKING PARTY.

look like some Lancer regiment; the horsemen follow with glittering spears, and two or three elephants, each with a party of on-lookers on its back, bring up the rear. The beaters enter

the covert, which is a piece of low brushwood enclosed by a wide thorn hedge. At each corner of the covert a man on a camel is posted; his duty is to raise his flag the moment the boar breaks and wave it in the direction taken by the animal. The elephants stand with their heads to the hedge, and one or two that have been badly cut in former pig-sticking expeditions grow restive as they listen to the shouts of the beaters, and require much prodding from the iron stick of the mahout who is seated on the head of each. Those who are on their backs can see from that elevated position the pig rushing to and fro through the covert. At last the flag goes up as a horde of small pig run out; the horsemen are about to start, but decide that it is better to let these young ones go and to wait for the old boar.



WILD BOAR FEEDING IN THE JUNGLE.

Up goes the flag again on the far side, where two or three big boar break covert. There is no time to see which is the biggest, and there are not enough spears to make two parties, so off go the horses at a mad gallop after the nearest boar. From the elephants the foremost horseman can just be seen coming up to him and giving the first spear in the open. This boar makes little fight, and rolls over dead on the sand after the second spear. In a moment they are on to another, which gives a longer and a faster run. The riders gallop away into the setting sun in a cloud of golden dust, and the final act of the boar's life is played out among some trees on the horizon. The animal defends himself gallantly, and the horsemen have to dismount and deal with him at close quarters.

By the time all the party meet again the shadows are beginning to lie long and low on the desert, rich purple shadows on a surface of golden sand. The groves of trees round Gajner palace stand out almost black against the sky, on the great free sweep of desert bluer shadows nestle in the distant hollows, and the sand-hills look like far-off mountain ranges. The procession winds back again; first the camels at a loose, swinging trot, the red flags of their riders glowing in the sunset light; then the horses going at a steady



BEATERS AND SIGNALLERS.

walk while the sportsmen discuss the events of the day, still carrying their spears, which are dark now and stained in places; finally the elephants bringing up the rear with calm and heavy tread.

G. HAMILTON.



MAKING A ROSE HEDGE.

THE season for planting Roses has again come round, and orders should be given as soon as possible, so that the plants may be received in sufficient time for putting in before severe weather occurs. A delightful way to use the Rose is as a hedge, not merely for protection, but as a dividing line, to run round a tennis court, or in some other place, where the sweet fragrance of the flowers, the changing leaf tints in autumn, and ruddy fruit will be appreciated. In wind-swept gardens it is needful to give substantial shelter to the Tea-scented Roses, and the more vigorous climbing kinds will provide this, whereas anything in the nature of Privet or even Holly would be out of place.

The selection of varieties is one of the chief points to consider, as all Roses are not adapted to this method of culture. If merely a low hedge is required, one may choose the charming monthly Roses, which are amongst the first to expand and the last to leave, brightening the garden even until Christmas when the weather is fair. A hedge, for example, of the China Mme. Laurette Messimy is of extreme beauty, the plant growing vigorously and bearing in abundance its warm-coloured, sweet-smelling flowers. This is the most satisfactory of all this group in the garden, and another variety of great promise is Mme. Eugene Resal. One cannot, however, make a mistake in choosing any of the China Roses, from the old monthly to the latest acquisition for this purpose. It is not well to rely much upon the true Teas or the hybrids, but there are exceptions of value when strong hedges are not desired. The writer has seen the lovely hybrid Tea, Viscountess Folkestone, grown in this form against a railing of bamboo. Around the stems it flung its vigorous shoots, and the flowers appeared far into the autumn. This is queen of the hybrid Teas, a flower of graceful form, with big, delicate petals touched with softest pink. Mme. Lambard and Marie Van Houtte, two of the older Tea Roses, may be grown, too, in this way.

ROSES FOR TALL HEDGES.

In the selection of varieties for this purpose Roses of vigorous growth must be relied upon, and as vigorous as any are the Dijon Teas, that class which has Gloire de Dijon, the most famous of all climbing Roses, for its foundation, Mme. Berard being an especially fine kind. One may also use the old-fashioned Boursaults, the Polyantha, and Crimson Rambler. These Roses will grow to a height of fully 12 ft. to 15 ft., making strong shoots, which will bear a heavy burden of blossom. As useful as any Roses for hedges are the Japanese forms of Rosa rugosa, and these should be used before any others. They grow about 8 ft. in height, a reasonable distance, and form a strong barrier against stock. Alba is the white variety, and Calocarpa welcome for the richness and profusion of its ruddy crimson-coloured fruits. One of the first Japanese Rose hedges planted in this country is that in the Wisley garden of Mr. G. F. Wilson, who has succeeded admirably with this plant as a hedge. It forms a brave barrier, and for many months in the year is a picture of colour, the leaves of full green colouring, which changes in autumn to deep golden tints, whilst the flowers and deep crimson hips or fruits are produced at the same time. There is much to interest one in a hedge of this description, the big varied coloured flowers of white and purple, handsome fruits, and beautiful leaf colouring. The

PENZANCE BRIARS

may be recommended also as hedge plants. Few Roses are stronger than this race, which produce long vigorous shoots in one year, and though the flowering time is short it is abundant and bright, whilst in autumn the hips add a note of colour to the garden. The Bourbon Rose called Robusta is very strong; and other Roses, growing about 8 ft. in height, usually less, that are adapted for hedges are Paul's Single White, Maiden's Blush, and the exquisite little fragrant Rose named Celestial, the Noisette Aimée Vibert, and such old Roses as Charles Lawson.

The success of an Evergreen Rose hedge depends upon the character of the soil, the leaves falling more quickly in one staple than in another. No kinds, however, retain their leafage more consistently than the following, and these should be chosen: Aimée Vibert, Reine Olga de Wurtemberg, Longworth Rambler, Félicité-Perpetue, and Myrianthes Renoucle.

MAKING THE HEDGE.

This is not a difficult matter. One simply requires a good Rose soil, fibrous loam and thoroughly well-decayed manure, exactly the same as for the dwarf plants. It must not be forgotten that the Roses are to remain in their position for years, and a good foundation is essential, this consisting first in thorough trenching. Mark out the ground where the hedge is required, and trench at a width of from 18 in to 2 ft., and mark out both sides of the ground to be treated. Measure a yard off lengthwise, then dig out the first spit of soil, and throw this upon the path. Fork over the bottom of the trench carefully, unless the subsoil is poor, such as gravel or chalk, when it will be wise to remove this to a moderate depth and replace with fresh and suitable material. Then mark out another yard and throw the top spit off this into the bottom of the second trench. When one has to deal with heavy ground, mix with it road scrapings, unless they contain granite and wood ashes. If unusually heavy, burnt earth is of much value for lightening the ground. Of course soils of opposite character require heavy material, such as clay and loam. When the subsoil appears unduly moist or water-logged, drainage must be provided in the form of a line of pipes in the bottom of the trench. This is somewhat expensive work, and should not be thought of unless it is evident that the soil is far too wet to grow Roses satisfactorily.

Of the actual work of planting little that is new can be written. It is, of course, always necessary to plant carefully, but in the case of a permanent hedge one must make quite sure that the smallest details are not overlooked. Remember that early planting is one of the best ways to ensure future success, and if the roots appear very dry when the plants are received dip them into a puddle of soil, made by stirring up earth and water until of the consistency of

mud. Run a line down the centre of the newly-trenched ground, and mark a guiding line with the spade. Dwarf plants, that is to say, all Roses except of standard form, should be so planted that the junction of stock and scion is about 1 in. below the surface. We strongly advise, however, all who intend to make a Rose hedge to obtain own root plants, and put the roots 2 in. below the surface. When a thick hedge is desired, then a double row, allowing a space of 18 in. between the lines. Plant thus * * * anglewise, and except in the case of low hedges support must be given. When planting extremely vigorous Roses, Crimson Rambler, for example, place posts in the ground at intervals of about 5 ft. or 6 ft., and fasten them to stout painted galvanised wire. Less rampant Roses may be kept free from injury by fastening the shoots to stakes, and in course of time the sturdy growths will support each other.

PRUNING ROSE HEDGES.

The first year bold surgery must be the rule. Prune hard to promote a strong base growth. One wants to furnish the plants with wood from the bottom, and cutting back severely the first season will ensure this. Once the hedge is established pruning is reduced to a minimum, consisting chiefly in the removal of worn-out and decayed wood, and in shortening shoots of great length. When a hedge is becoming bare, prune hard back. During the growing season liquid manure is an advantage, as it helps to strengthen the plants, and the foliage is richer in colour and more abundant for this assistance.

AMERICAN ALOES IN THE ABBEY PARK, LEICESTER.

Our illustration is of the noble group of American Aloes in the Abbey Park, Leicester of which Mr. Burn is the superintendent. The American



J. Burton & Sons.

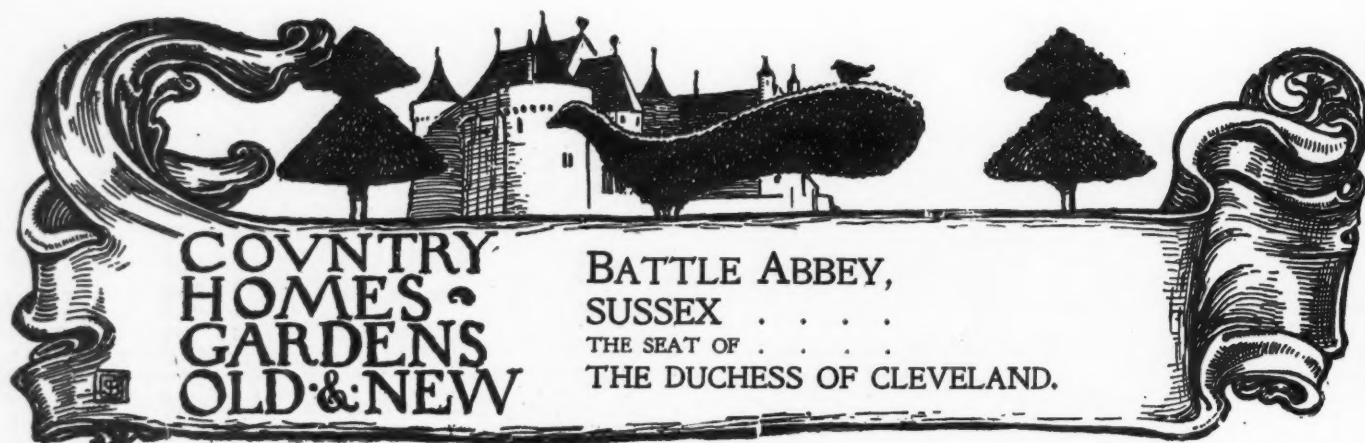
AMERICAN ALOES.

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Aloe is *Agave americana*, and we have seldom seen a more handsome group than the one portrayed. The plants began to show signs of flowering early in May last, and were placed in the open in June, the flower stems developing at the rate of 2 ft. a week until the buds began to form. These expanded about the end of August, and by that time the stems had reached nearly 23 ft. in height, with only a difference of 2 in. between them. Each stem carried at least 2,000 individual flowers, and the plants themselves are now quite dead. The American Aloe is a handsome plant, especially to use in bold sub-tropical gardening, and is tender. In very favoured places in Cornwall and Devonshire it may be trusted in the open, but, as a rule, requires the protection of a glass house in winter. Its immense proportions, of course, make its culture impossible unless large conservatories exist to shelter its imposing foliage. The variety *Aurea variegata* has rich yellow variegation, and is even handsomer than the type because of this distinct colouring. Certainly the American Aloes have formed an interesting feature in this finely-kept park of Leicester this year.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.—We have received the interesting bulb and hardy plant catalogue of Messrs. R. Wallace and Co., Kilnfield Gardens, Colchester. This contains an exhaustive list of the rarer bulbs and plants, and those popular also. Messrs. Daniel Brothers, of Norwich, send us their catalogue of flower roots, fruit trees, etc., which is freely illustrated.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.—Messrs. J. Cheal and Sons, Lowfield Nurseries, Crawley, send us their interesting booklet concerning landscape gardening.



TO write the history of Battle and its abbey is impossible in this place, and the eager pen of the writer is checked besides by the thought that his pleasant task is chiefly to explore the garden beauties of the famous house. Yet who can stand upon the upper terrace at Battle and look out over the field of Hastings without giving the rein to historic imagination? Before him lies the scene of the greatest event in all English history. He may trace every act in the tremendous drama. Up through this open country between thick woods and marshes on one hand, and the impenetrable forest of Anderida on the

other, come the Norman Duke and his men; on that hill he vows to build, for the souls' welfare of them that shall be slain, and in honour of St. Martin, the patron of soldiers, the great abbey of Battle; here are ranged the Saxon foemen behind their great stockade, and Harold is in the midst of his house-carls; the tide of battle rolls vainly up the hill, to be beaten back time after time with battle-axe and javelin from the strong line of the Englishmen; doubt shakes the confidence of the invaders, and the rapture of victory fills the men upon the hill when they see William recoil; with a loud cry of "Out, out! Lord God

Almighty!" they break from their vantage ground and rush down upon the foes, to be in their headlong course overcome; then backward again they fly, but their stockade is penetrated, the day is lost, and Harold is dead on the hill, while William sits down "to eat and drink among the slain." The terrace that evokes these memories marks the very crest of Harold's position. It is high, and we discern from it the silver line of the sea and the mass of Beachy Head. If his foemen had but held it, someone speculates, as the lines of Torres Vedras and the hill of Waterloo were held, how different would our history have been! But "this folk of Normandy among us woneth still, and shalleth evermore," as the rhyming chronicler sings, and we are better Englishmen than we were before.

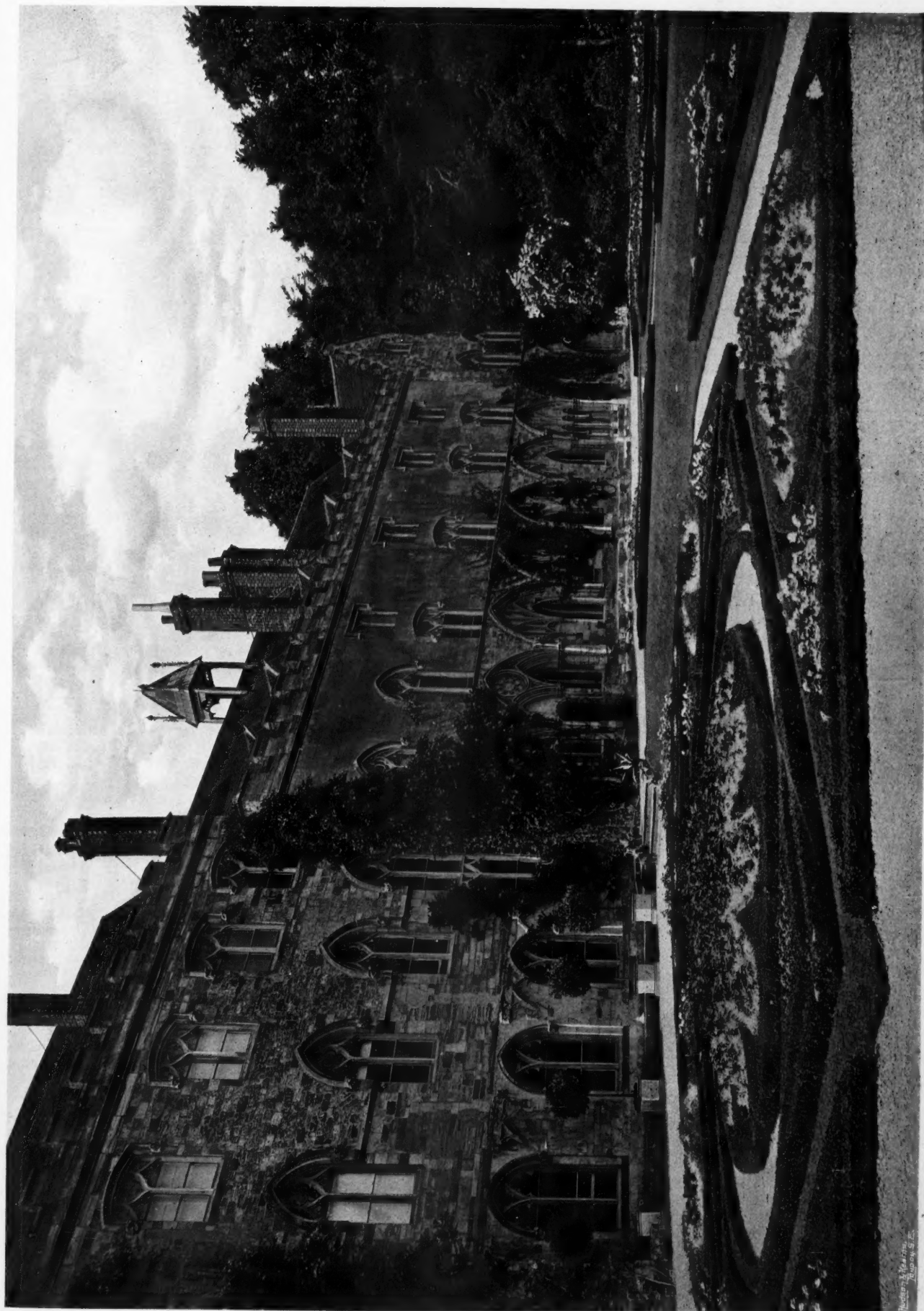
But now to turn from the battle to the stately abbey that rose upon the hill; not, indeed, to write its history, nor to speak of its splendours, but to contemplate it in its decay. That matchless gatehouse may serve to indicate its character. Here was a church larger than Rochester, than Ripon, than Sherborne, than Christchurch in Hampshire, ruthlessly pillaged and utterly destroyed by jack, lever, and gunpowder. With the Duchess of Cleveland, who has written a charming little guide to her home, we cannot but execrate the hideous outrage perpetrated by vile self-seeking men, who, disappointed in insufficiency of pillage, reported this "the most beggarly house" they had seen. When all was destroyed of the conventual buildings—all save the gatehouse, the abbot's lodging (which we approach from it by a line of elms set in a thicket of hollies), and the kitchen and refectory—the site was granted to Sir Anthony Browne. Of this careful gentleman, who was Master of the Horse to Henry VIII., it was said that, though the waves were boisterous, he was as "the solid rock," or—and this seems more likely—"the well-guided ship that would go with the tide." Sir



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THE CONSERVATORY GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—BATTLE ABBEY: THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE GATEHOUSE

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Anthony set about making himself a house in the midst of the destruction that had been wrought, and, having been appointed guardian to the Princess Elizabeth, he began to build the library wing for her reception, but did not live either to complete the structure or to receive his guest.

But Sir Anthony was not content with a house; he would have a garden, too, and he prepared just such a pleasure as the Tudor gentleman delighted in. He selected the site of the nave of the wasted church, and, having cleared away the vast

body of broken stonework, he planted a double avenue of yews, which was met at the ends by two other avenues that extended to the present wall. About these he built a low wall, and in this way had an enclosed flower garden, with a stone fountain or cistern in the middle, and a green cloister walk all round it. Battle Abbey remained with Sir Anthony Browne's descendants, the Lords Montague of Cowdray, until it was sold by the fourth Lord to Sir Thomas Webster, whose descendant, again, Sir G. Webster, sold the estate in 1858 to Lord Harry Vane, afterwards

Duke of Cleveland. Sir Anthony's "fountain garden," like his house, had undergone changes. One owner, in order to build stables, had cut off about two-thirds of it; but it was the only piece of garden remaining when the late noble owner undertook the restoration of the place in 1858. How, by removing some things and adding much, the abbey, under the architectural care of Mr. Henry Clutton, became the beautiful house it is to-day must not be related here.

To create the garden and adorn the park with new trees—mostly quick-growing Levantine oaks—to replace ancient giants that had been cut down, was a labour of love and pride. The Duchess of Cleveland takes a true delight in her beautiful garden. She values the crumbling walls of the old time, and loves to see them adorned with roses and clinging greenery. Very lovely indeed they are under her care. Time, she says, has dealt kindly with what the destroyer ravaged. "All his work has been



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THE SPOT WHERE HAROLD FELL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

friendly. True, he has rounded the sharp edges of the mouldings, and here and there chipped off a flake of the sandstone, or broken a link in the tracery. But he has opened chinks and crevices, where wild flowers and stonecrop have seeded; he has planted a feathery crown of grass on the south-eastern turret; and he has spread over all a fantastic mantle of lichens, which add a thousand blended tints of colouring to the weather-stains on the stonework."

The soil of Battle appears to be generous, and the climate is admirably suited for the nurture of tender growths that in most places need shelter. It was in Sir Anthony Browne's old pleasure, in 1864, that the Duchess first tried wintering camellias out of doors. Without counting upon success, a hundred plants were procured from Ghent; but these prospered amazingly, and were reinforced by others brought from the Duke's houses at Raby. This has proved the nurturing place for many camellias, which are distributed about the grounds. But the chief triumphs have been upon the lower terrace, in the border and between the venerable buttresses. The Duchess speaks of this place as being a veritable sun-trap, and the buttresses afford excellent protection, so that many greenhouse plants flourish in the winter without further shelter. In early summer *Mandevilla suaveolens* is covered with its snowy and waxen flowers; *Stauntonia latifolia* perfumes the terrace with its orange-flower scent, and is covered with pink fruit later on; *Solanum jasminoides* grows profusely; *Coronella glauca* flowers in mid-winter, and sometimes its delicate blossoms are laden with snow; the Brazilian coral plant (*Erythrina cristagalli*), though it dies down in the winter, throws up magnificent flower spikes, 5ft. or 6ft. high. Several kinds of Himalayan rhododendrons and whole masses of greenhouse azaleas remain out of doors throughout the winter. Near the water-lily pool was a bed of the famous Fielder's white azalea, planted about fourteen years ago, which survived frost, rain, and sun, until recently, when a freezing wind



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THE CRYPT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

cut it down to the ground. This is interesting, and it would be curious to know if this tender kind has succeeded elsewhere in England out of doors. Among other plants that succeed well, some quite of a greenhouse nature, are *Habrothamnus elegans*, *Rhynchospermum jasminoides*, the Mexican orange-flower (*Choisya ternata*), and *Fuchsia corallina*; and tender roses and clematis grow in the utmost profusion everywhere. The old-fashioned rose garden, with its ancient yew hedge, is the home of fragrance.

On the site of the high altar of the church, the place where Harold fell, roses, ferns, and ivy abound. Here the Duchess made a fruitless attempt to grow Alpine plants. She almost learned Mr. Robinson's "Wild Garden" by heart, and set afoot a sedulous hunt for beautiful growths in many quarters, which she had planted under her own eye in the right soil and the right



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THE LOWER TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE GARGOYLE CORNER.

"C.L."

place. Nearly all died, however, for they rarely had snow to protect their roots from the frost. Hence we may learn how very important it is for success to study every condition that affects plant life. Although it is impossible to catalogue all the chief flowers at Battle Abbey, allusion must be made to the splendid group of the golden yellow tree lupine (*Lupinus arboreus*), which grows to a height of 7ft., to the New Zealand flax growing round the small pond at the garden gate, the silver-striped reeds (*Arundo donax variegata*), and the Himalayan and Chinese bamboos.

On the east front of the abbey, where are nine arches of the cloister filled with Perpendicular tracery, is an appropriate formal garden, filled with gay flowers, and having beds margined by excellent box edging. Such trim garden designs, bringing the deep green of box or yew and the radiant hues of summer blossoms into contrast with grey walls of ancient stone, have a very subtle charm. Not far away are remarkable yew and lime walks. It is a pure delight to walk in the venerable arbour of yew, with its branches intertwined, especially in the spring, when primroses begem the turf and bluebells and daffodils nod in the breeze.

Enough has been said to show that this is a place where flower life flourishes in most favourable conditions. It is not, indeed, the only locality where sub-tropical growths will prosper in our island, for in Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall many most tender things will

succeed. But it is only in special circumstances, in the mild climate of southern slopes, where the sun wins his way and biting winds are unknown, or are forbidden their prey, that the gardener can hope to do well with the beautiful growths of warmer climes. Battle is certainly favoured in the matter of flower growth. It is not less propitious to trees. Nearly all conifers succeed well, though *Pinus insignis* and *Cupressus macrocarpa* (the Californian pine) perhaps seem most at home. Evergreens add their sober but constant charm to these delightful gardens. The Duchess of Cleveland says that bays and laurels sow themselves like weeds, and the finest arbutus she had ever seen grew by the gate of the stable-yard, but was broken in a gale and had to be cut back. Battle Abbey is therefore a place well dowered both by



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THE MONKS' STAIRWAY.

"C.L."

nature and art. United with the glories of its history and the melancholy splendour of its architectural remains, we are able to bask, as it were, in "the life of the sunlight upon the world."

Issuing from the shadowy walk, perhaps from the drawing-room of the abbey, where that splendid copy of the pictured history from Bayeux has been unrolled before us, or it may be from the village church, where we have surveyed the stately monument of Sir Anthony Browne, we breathe the scented breath born of the woodland and the sea. Never shall the writer forget the glory of a morning walk by the outer precinct wall. Across the wood and



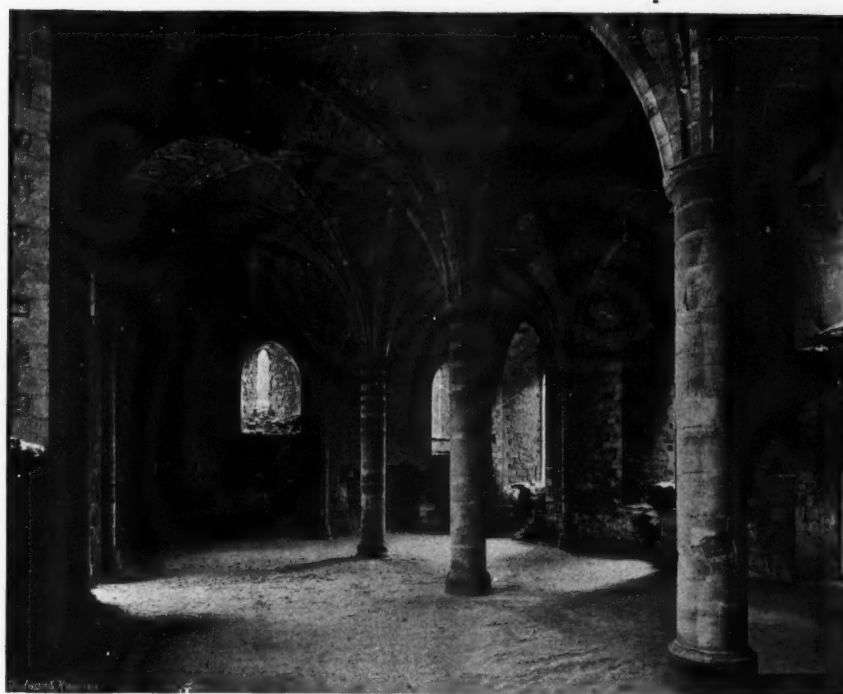
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THE REFECTORY GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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meadow the cloud shadows chased one another up the hill, the banks were bright with the primrose, in the copses was breaking the azure mantle of the blue-bells, and daffodils nodded in the dells; far off the sun was kissing the distant line of the sea, and the wandering voice of the cuckoo was shouting the welcome message of spring. Beautiful, therefore, is Battle in the early months of the year, but you should see it again in the richness of leafy June. Then all the woods are in the full flush of their verdure, and the gardens are filled with the sweetest scents of the year, for roses are clustering on wall and buttress and flinging fragrance through that perfumed domain of their own. It is as if Flora were walking abroad through her realm. Then comes Ceres in the time of sickle, when the green is turning to gold,



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INTERIOR OF THE REFECTORY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

now adorned with a waving woodland of modern growth, with a lake at the foot of the hill, and three ancient stew ponds further to the left to remind us of the old monks of Battle.

A Book of the Day.

THERE is no kind of doubt that Miss Edith Thorneycroft Fowler's "A Corner of the West" (Hutchinson) will attract a great deal of attention. This will happen firstly because Miss Edith Fowler has a sister, who wrote the "Double Thread," which is an uncommonly clever and epigrammatic book. Whether it was quite prudent in Miss Edith Fowler, having such a sister, to write a new novel and to desert her familiar territory in literature, is a matter of opinion, for comparisons between the two sisters will neces-

sarily be instituted. Folks will certainly say that Miss Edith Fowler lacks the strong hand, the grip of subject, the epigrammatic force, the profundity of thought shown by her sister. They will also say that in "A Corner of the West" the struggle for epigrammatic pungency is too often obvious and too seldom successful, that the vulgarity of Society is overdrawn, and that the conversations, which are very numerous, are sometimes tiresome. All this, unfortunately, will be absolutely true; but it will be a very long way indeed from the whole truth. When one comes to look deeply into this "Corner of the West" there rises a disposition to treat as trifles blemishes which are really quite considerable, to realise that a quiet and very human tragedy underlies the whole of it, to recognise that some of the incidental scenes are full of pathos.

The true interest of the story is centred in the milk and water love of Lavinia Garland for James Cary, in the growth of his love for her niece, Alison Royse, and in the grand but silent self-sacrifice which she shows at the end. Almost all the rest is mere framework in the form of a satire on Society, which



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THE YEW WALK.

"C.L."

and Battle bourgeons with a new glory, as the woods assume their russet vesture adorned with purple and yellow. Nor is winter unfriendly here, for the grass retains its emerald, the conifers still are green, and where the east wind cannot blow we revel yet in the products of the southern sun.

Fortunately the public are afforded many opportunities of seeing the beauties of Battle Abbey. Its interests are unrivalled, and its gardens few can surpass. We leave it with a last look from the terrace over the historic ground of the park,



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BATTLE ABBEY: AN OLD SUNDIAL.

"C.L."

"C.L."

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Copyright DETAIL OF GATEHOUSE AT BATTLE ABBEY.

"C.L."

would be infinitely more effective if it were not palpably overdrawn. Of that some mention must be made; but the quiet and old maidish self-sacrifice and the loves of Alison Royse and James Cary are the real point.

We meet in the first chapter an artist and a lovely child, Petronel Merrivale, the seven year old daughter of a silly and fashionable mother and of a hearty but rather vulgar squire. Petronel, albeit a trifle too babyish in her talk for her age (which matters very little, since it is only necessary to think of her as five instead of seven), is an entirely charming child. But she is set up only to be destroyed. Nine years later the artist goes down to Barnscombe, which is the corner of the West, and saunters through the churchyard towards the Merrivales. He sees a little cross with "Petronel" on it, he jumps to a very natural conclusion, and standing by the tiny grave he thinks of "the child as she filled her pinafore with bluebells in that long ago springtime." He goes on to the Court, to find a long-legged schoolgirl exchanging vulgar chaff with a group of young men smoking cigarettes, loud, slangy, altogether horrible. The cross in the churchyard stands over the body of Petronel's cousin; Petronel's body is in full health; her mother has killed her soul; that is all; and the process of soul-killing goes on until Alison sees Petronel, confessedly in love with a poor man, married for money and position, to "a little, rowdy, unwholesome-looking man, with a manner that made the girl shudder, and a loud slangy way of speaking that seemed out of place except in a stable-yard." Miss Fowler, in fact, creates a beautiful child "only to show her worth," and then destroys her. Meanwhile the true story has begun and is moving at Barnscombe. Mrs. Garland, the dragon widow of the vil age doctor, had two daughters. Of one, Margaret, she could never break the spirit, although to her, as to her gentler sister, Lavinia, she applied the birch-rod with vigour from the age of eighteen months onwards. Margaret escaped at last from the parental discipline, married a soldier, who died after five years of happiness, had a daughter, Alison, and then Margaret, the widowed mother, died also. All this is outside the true story of the book, and is touched upon but lightly, there as here. It serves to explain how Alison Royse, a lively, high-spirited girl of artistic temperament and with dreams and aspirations, comes to live in the grim, narrow house of the Garlands.

She comes to find a very peculiar situation of affairs, which has been painted as it grew into being with a brush that reminds one of Mrs. Gaskell in two or three of her books. The whole thing is so minute in point of detail, the two women are so characteristic, the scene is so narrow, the action is so mild. There is nothing more essentially domestic in Cranford itself. And yet the rendering is wonderfully well done. Margaret once away, Lavinia's "meekness of disposition, inherited from the pale-eyed little man who was her father, was intensified sevenfold by her mother's upbringing . . . her life

settled down into a mere list of duties and penalties, through which she wound her way with a never-failing obedience . . . her gentleness and amiability were stamped on her face, for character draws its own illustrations very soon after five-and-twenty; and a certain timid shrinking, such as one sees in an animal that expects a blow, first drew Jim Cary to pity and be kind to her." I think I can see Lavinia; certainly I have seen her double in real life many a time. Now Cary was a clever man and cultivated, of old Devonshire family, an athlete and a strong man in mind and body, who had come to Barnscombe originally as poor, pale-eyed Dr. Garland's partner. He stayed on because the community stood in sore need of his ministrations. "The strength and vigour of the man filled Lavinia's soul with half-frightened admiration, but, when he began to try to help her, to fight her battles for her, and be as good to her as he was by instinct to everyone who was weak and suffering, her feelings for him grew into an adoration which, though carefully hidden in the depths of her heart, yet brought colour to her face, light to her eye, and a quiet gladness to her manner." And the neighbours began to talk, and Mrs. Garland condemned the culprit "to days of tears and meditation in her own room," and James Cary heard it, and became engaged to her out of sheer pity. Lavinia was perfectly happy as an engaged woman. Bullied no longer, she was absorbed in her home, her bees, her flowers, and her little domestic duties, and would have liked to have gone on being engaged for ever. But when a year had almost passed, Cary thought the engagement had gone on long enough, and pressed her to "name the day." She had never looked prettier than on that evening in fresh muslin, with pink roses at her waist, the light of the setting sun in her hair, and her pale cheeks delicately flushed; and the man in James Cary was moved. But Lavinia would not hear of marriage. She wept bitterly, it was all "so sudden," it was her duty not to leave her mother, and all the rest of it; and finally he had to promise never to mention the matter again

until she did. He kept the promise, which if he had been really in love, and not merely a very honourable, very pitying man, would have been impossible. Indeed, the consolation of this part of the story is that Cary did not eat his heart out, but went on quietly and courteously, and filled up the gaps in his life with books and pictures and his garden. His affection for her, which had never been a consuming passion, was chilled, that was all, and it never quite recovered. That is the position when Alison comes, but it soon grows dangerous. The lively and headstrong girl is thrown into constant association with a masterful man possessed, like herself, of "the artistic temperament." (That is a phrase, by the way, which Miss Fowler spoils by irritating repetition.) He is always at the Garland's, in the capacity of suitor to Lavinia; he is called in to curb her when she is a rebellious young woman (I grieve to say that one of the scenes, where he puts her into the corner by force—she is four-and-twenty—is simply silly); he grows jealous of her innocent flirtations with wicked young men; in a word, he falls in love, and so does she. It is a wreck, in relation to which Cary plays the part of hero, that makes them betray themselves. "You mustn't go—you mustn't! You will be drowned, and, oh, I cannot spare you," she cries, with pale face and streaming eyes; and he betrays himself too; and poor gentle Lavinia saw "only a fleeting glance on a face that was so dear to her, on a cry from a pair of girlish lips; but Lavinia read the story in a flash and understood it wholly. And with the understanding came that call which comes to every man or woman once at least before death shows them the answer to it. Some hear it in the whisper of their mother's voice, and some in the cry of their little children. To some it sounds in the music of a life's love, and to others in the funeral march of sorrow. Lavinia heard it that night on the desolate sands—desolate to her, in spite of the crowds, for her dreams of love and happiness lay broken and buried at her feet—and hearing that call, she obeyed it; for, as the disciples of old on the seashore, she knew it was the Lord." In other words, as soon as James Cary was back, safe and sound, she gave him up quietly and uncomplainingly, and gave happiness to him and Alison, and settled down into the maiden aunt. A very quiet, common-place tragedy is this, but full of deep and all too familiar pathos. He must be a hard man who will laugh at it, and it is not to be denied that the passage in which Lavinia sees her duty and her fate shows nobility and truth of feeling. Reading it one forgets all sorts of impossibilities and absurdities, one spurns on one side Sammy Head, the revolting University cricketer, and the impossible Sylvia who describes the front seat of a carriage in the park as "the market-side"; and one does this because it is a comfort to find a writer, woman or man, who can express true feeling in so simple and so courageous and touching a fashion.

WITH A "MAN" ON THE ITCHEN.

WANDERING through Royal Winchester, I looked upon the historic school, the green playing-fields and the hordes of grey-trousered "men" revelling in their various pursuits with all the free and joyous irresponsibility of boyhood, and my thought took shape in muttered words, "Would that I could have had the privilege of gaining my all too scanty knowledge amid these scenes! would that I could renew my youth and be for a period even as these are, proud members of the most beautiful school in England!" And as I strolled subsequently along the banks of the river, as I watched the transparent stream gliding swiftly, noiselessly past me with smooth unruffled surface, as I caught sight of the dark, motionless form of a huge trout lying in the shallows, and anon as an ever-widening ring disturbed for a moment the calm placidity of the waters, marking where an unsuspecting fly had gone to his doom, my ambition also found outlet in another

muttered ejaculation, "Oh, that I could acquire the dry-fly art!" Had there been no cause for regretful thought, had I enjoyed the advantage of pursuing my boyish studies within the ancient precincts of William of Wykeham's school, it is possible that my ambition would have been realised long since, for the budding Izaak Walton finds opportunities and facilities at his very door, so to speak, for drinking in the fascinating lore of the dry-fly art—the most difficult yet most entrancing of the many methods of securing the crafty trout known to fishermen. Such a lot, however, did not fall to me; advancing years and scanty opportunities have made me shy of turning over a new leaf in my fishing-book, so my ambition must still remain an ambition, and I must stick to my first love, the wet-fly, leaving with a pang of regret the capture of the huge Itchen fish to a younger, fresher, and, let us hope, more supple-jointed generation.

To the unaccustomed arm dry-fly fishing is very tiring.

With the wet-fly it is a throw here, a throw there, always casting, always the expectancy of feeling that tug which sends a thrill right through you, always the likelihood of a fish in every run, in every hole. With the dry-fly your fish must first be found; then you must see him rise, not once only, but three, four, many times, taking with clockwork regularity the flies as they come floating down. Then it is swish, swish, swish, cast; swish, swish, swish, cast; very few casts compared with the eternal wearisome swish, swish, which is indispensable to bring your fly to the necessary floatable dryness; and this must go on till something definite happens. Either you catch him, or you prick him, or send him down, or he stops rising, or you have got the wrong fly on, and must go on changing it till you hit upon the right one. Yes, it is tiring work! I have watched one day the unsuccessful efforts of one of these dry-fly fishermen, noticed the ceaseless monotony of his attempts, observed his growing fatigue, and I have wondered "Is it worth it? Have I not chosen the better part?"

Next day I have seen the same "man." He has grassed a splendid two-pounder, after missing two or three beauties that rose short. I have gazed on the speckled giant, my three wretched wet-flies and paltry basket of five-to-the-pound fish have faded into absolute insignificance, and I have exclaimed: "It is worth it. Why am I not a dry-fly fisherman? It is the most beautiful art in the world!"

There is the matter in a nutshell. You have to pit many hopeless, blank days—days that seem to take the heart out of you—against, perhaps, one successful day; but when that day comes, and you contemplate your couple of brace or so of real beauties laid on the grass, you think there is nothing like it, and you look forward with renewed zest to the morrow when you may be at it again.

Everyone who has any knowledge of Winchester knows the Meads. They lie to the south of the city, beginning at a point where the river breaks off into three distinct streams. Immediately on the right runs the mill stream, on the further side of which is the school cricket-field, called New Field, the noble gift of Dr. Ridding, afterwards Bishop of Southwell, to the school which he loved so well. On the left is the Itchen proper, called by the school "Old Barge," the two streams being so close at certain points that they are only divided by the footpath. Some little distance beyond this second stream is the third—commonly spoken of as "New Barge." It is, however, only with the first two that we are concerned, for they comprise the water known as "Chalkley's," where, for the sum of half-a-crown a day, anyone may cast the wily fly and endeavour to appropriate the treble wily fish with which the water teems. This is the happy hunting-ground of the piscatorial schoolboys; here at certain times in the day the banks are dotted

"With those noblest of their species
Called emphatically 'men,'"

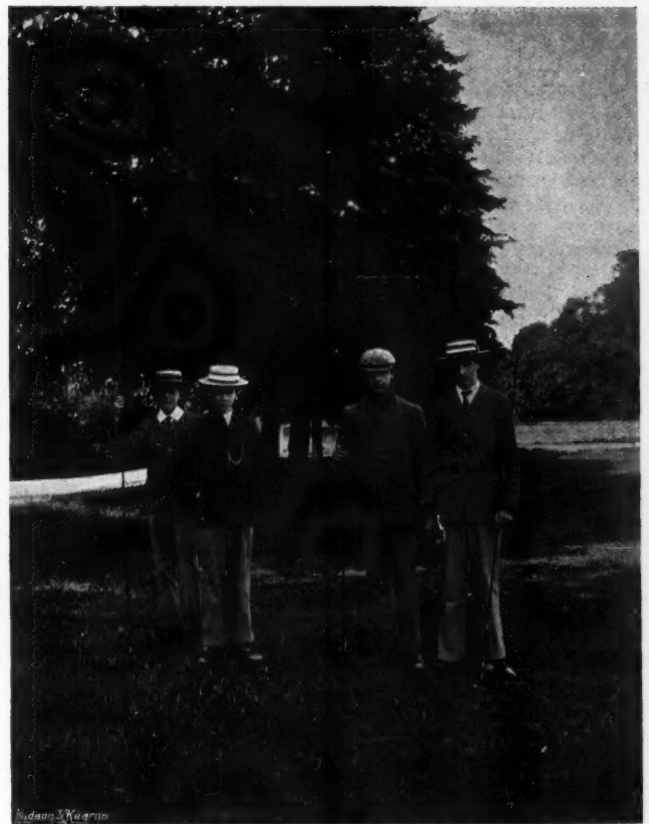
to adapt the immortal Calverley when speaking of the denizens



THE CRICKET-FIELD FROM THE MEADS.

of "another place"; for, be it known to the uninitiated, the moment a youth is enrolled a member of William of Wykeham's college he becomes *ipso facto* a "man." Here they stand for hours, their rods working to and fro, themselves intent, rapt; and here it was, one lovely June afternoon, I met my "man."

Some fourteen summers had perhaps passed over his curly head, the baby look had not yet left his fresh face, he still wore the broad white collar of the nursery; but he was "a man for a' that," and I paid him the respect due to his incipient manhood. He was wielding a 9ft. rod with both hands, as



A GROUP OF "MEN."

if it were a salmon-rod. I stood and watched him place a blue-quill deftly close under some reeds on the further bank. I noted his look of keen expectancy; observed the shades of disappointment, when nothing occurred, flit over his mobile features; saw them assume a stern determination as he drew his line softly off the water and began the swishing process; and then—a repetition of the same scene and the same emotions. With a dogged persistence that filled me with admiration he made attempt after attempt, until—I should think—that unprincipled fish had had the fly put before him—and artistically put, too—at least a score of times; then, with a ghost of a sigh, my "man" looked up.

"Any sport?" I hazarded, encouraged by the friendliness of his face.

"Not yet," he answered, and I made note of the "yet." It seemed to imply a determination to compel success, to argue the impossibility of failure.

"There's a great beast over there," he went on, reeling up his line. "I've been trying for him every day for the last week. Three days ago—much the same sort of day as this is—he rose at me; I just felt him. I ought to have had him; but I struck too soon, or too late, or something. Anyhow, he got away. To-day he came and looked at me once; but I think he remembered. At any rate he wouldn't even spit at me. There he is!" he cried, excitedly, as a huge circle of ripples appeared just where he had been casting his fly. "I'll give you a bit of a rest now, you brute, but I'll have you in the end; I'll dodge you somehow. There's a nice fish rising just down there. I'll go and have a try at him."

He crept softly down, keeping well out of sight, till he arrived at a spot some little distance below the fish, which I could see was well on the feed; then he began working his fly backwards and forwards in the air, letting out more line at every cast, until I could detect the fly hovering just over the place where his quarry lay. Then, light as a feather, the quill dropped on to the water, and almost simultaneously the fish rose. My small friend made not the slightest attempt to strike, remaining motionless. I glanced at him with a note of interrogation; he shook his head. "That was not at me," he whispered. Swish, swish, swish, again the fly found the surface; there was a suck, a vigorous strike, a second or two of frenzied splashing, and then—the blankness of despair. When I had with difficulty mastered

the almost overpowering desire to make use of the expletives necessary to such a crisis, which might not have been good for my youthful friend to hear, but which seem to rise quite naturally to the adult fisherman's lips, I looked at him somewhat apprehensively. He was examining his now flyless cast with a calmness worthy of a first-class Stoic.

"I don't think that fish means to rise again. By Jove! that was a nice one; d'you see? Just under the bank over there, rather to the left of those weeds—there!" as the monster came to the surface a second time. My small friend, letting out his line, made a long cast. "Toc short," he exclaimed, as the fly came down a couple of inches wide of the rise. Another cast. "Dash it! that's beyond him, and the fly's dragging. Ah!" as at the third attempt he placed the quill beautifully almost a foot above the trout's nose. "Now, if he doesn't take that—." Pst! strike! splash, splash, splash! "I've got him," he cried, excitedly.

I was as excited as he was. "Give him the butt," I shouted; "keep him out of the weeds," as the fish made a dive down.

But my friend knew what he was about. He put a steady strain on his prey. Up the fish came again, churning the water into foam with his great tail; then off, first in one direction, now in another, in frenzied efforts to burst his bonds.

"Where's your net?" I exclaimed.

"I've forgotten it," he replied, giving all his attention to the fish, but even at this supreme moment mindful of the politeness



THE MILL STREAM.

breathlessly. "There's—er—a man a little further up who's got hold of a fish, and—" With a bright smile he at once handed me the desired implement. I tore back, feeling I should never forgive myself if I was too late. No! the Fates be praised! he was still on, still struggling, but his struggles were growing feeble—he was an almost beaten fish.

"I'll bring him up to you," presently observed my companion, cautiously reeling up. "Oh! you would, would you?" as the fish made one more rush, taking out a couple of yards of line. "I think he's done now."

I stepped to the edge, placed the net in the water, waited till the dying trout was skilfully piloted over it, then raised it gently and conveyed net and fish to the bank.

"Thanks, awfully," said the captor, gazing with evident pride at his booty. "He'll go a pound and three-quarters, I should think."

"And you'll have a decent tea to-night for a change," I added.

"Yes," he admitted. Then he hesitated, and I could see a struggle of some sort was going on in his mind. It was only for a second. "But, I say," he said, looking up at me with a frank smile, "won't you take him?"

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed, hastily; "I—I make a rule never to eat a trout that I haven't caught myself." May I be forgiven! It was the first excuse that occurred to me. "But I'm most tremendously obliged to you all the same, and I hope you and your friends will make a rattling good tea off him."

"I'm going a good bit lower down, to a place where I know of a whopping fish lying," he said, gathering up his paraphernalia.

Then we talked and walked, and soon he said, "Just under that overhanging willow," and I perceived he was alluding to the before-mentioned fish.

"I haven't seen him move, but I'll have a throw." And throw he did with his usual dogged pertinacity, not once, but many times, till I thought his arms would have dropped off from sheer fatigue.

"It's no good, I'm afraid," he said at length; "he isn't hungry."

"Do you get many fish?" I asked, bent on information.

"I've caught seventeen this half," was the reply; "but there's a man in our house who's taken thirty-three. He's a beggar for catching 'em. He's a year older than I am, and he's always at it. He'll go for hours," he went on, proudly, "at one fish, and he generally has him in the end. I get sick of it after a bit and try another fish, but he goes on till he makes the beggar rise, even if he has to put on every fly in his case."

I said nothing, but from what I had seen I couldn't help thinking my young friend was under-rating his own powers of patience.

"They're jolly cunning, the trout here," he continued, after glancing rapidly up and down stream; "they know an artificial fly as well as I do—I believe some of them could tell you who tied it by the dressing. You see heaps of fellows fish this bit, a lot of our men and a lot of others, and all you can do is to wait till a fish makes a mistake; they do sometimes when they're well on the feed—that one did," he indicated his recent capture with the point of his rod. "If we could come here in the evening we'd do much better; the evening rise is the best in the



JUST CAUGHT.

due to a comparative stranger. "Would you mind asking that man down there to lend me his?"

I started off blindly; when I had gone rotyds. I pulled up. What man? I couldn't see one. Then I remembered, and anathematising myself for my stupidity, rapidly approached another diminutive specimen of manhood, who was on his knees whipping the stream with his back towards us. "Will you kindly lend me your landing net?" I asked, politely but

day this time of year; but," ruefully, "we aren't allowed out then—it's awful rot!"

"Do you ever try 'em with anything else but a fly?" I put in, feeling I was acquiring an extremely liberal education.

He looked at me; there was a hardly perceptible flicker of his left eyelid, but it told me a good deal.

"Caddis," he murmured, softly. "You see," he added, apologetically, "they want a bit of coaxing some days. Well, they don't seem to be doing much about here, and I ought to be going if I want that fish cooked for tea."

"Look here," I broke in, a thought striking me; "come and have another try at your old friend up where I first saw you."

"All right," he assented, "only I haven't much time."

We reached the place. Splosh—the fish was feeding; splosh—there he was again.

"He's busy," I remarked. "Now, have you time for twenty throws?"

He glanced at his watch, then at me with some curiosity.

"Yes, I think I have," he said.

I put my straw hat on the ground. Diving my hand into my pocket, I produced a half-sovereign, which I placed conspicuously in the centre of the hat.

"That," I said, "is our common fund; it belongs equally to you and to me. I am now going to back that fish against you—sixpence a cast; that'll give you twenty casts. If you don't catch him the half-sovereign's mine; if you do—well, you pocket whatever the difference is."

The morality of this proceeding was perhaps questionable,

but he was delighted with the idea, and at once applied himself to the task with that look of determination not to be beaten which I had marked before. His first cast found the exact spot, his fly floated down, and I found myself almost praying that the fish would take it, even though it meant to me the loss of ten shillings. No such luck! the fly continued its journey intact, while the fish, as if to aggravate us, rose determinedly a second or two after. I was on the point once more of forgetting myself and the tender years of my "man." Again he cast—no result; again and again—we were still fishless.

"That's four," I muttered, in desperation, hoping it would spur him on to practise all his arts.

"I think I'll go below him more," he observed.

Another cast—this time short; he hadn't let out enough line.

"Five," I whispered to myself, wishing I had made it a sovereign and given him forty chances.

Swish, swish, swish—that's the place! Splash, splash, splash! By Jove! he's got him! "Well done!" I yelled, dancing with pleasure and excitement, "well done!" He fought like a hero, that fish, but the odds were against him—a perfect rod and line, an artist at one end, a well-tested piece of gut at the other: these are long odds, but when to them is added seven-and-sixpence, they become well-nigh irresistible. In a comparatively short time he was gasping out his life at our feet. I gravely handed three half-crowns to the "man" who had caught him—a man in the truest sense of the word.

I am indebted to one of my young friends, Mr. T. C. Auport, of Winchester College, for the photographs which illustrate this article.

W. M. WILCOX.



AT THE THEATRE

"The Sacrament of Judas."

IT is but rarely that a one-act play deserves serious treatment in England, which is a pity, because it is by writing one-act plays that authors gain experience, and it is quite possible to provide a perfect work of art within the scope of a "first piece." "The

Sacrament of Judas," recently produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre by Mr. Forbes Robertson, is an exception to the rule, so far as the recognition it obtained is concerned, but not in its nationality, for it is a translation by Mr. Louis N. Parker of a French play by M. Louis Tiercelin.

It is a remarkably powerful little work, intensely dramatic and most closely knit. Represented by Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mr. Frank Mills, Mr. Ivan Watson, and Mr. Bromley Davenport, in spite of its brevity "The Sacrament of Judas" is likely to be considered the chief part of the present programme at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where it forms the after-piece to "The Moonlight Blossom." Indeed, it may be said that every earnest and diligent playgoer owes a duty to himself to see it.

The story takes us back to the time of the French Revolution, to a village in Brittany. Here we find the peasant Jean Guillou and his daughter, Jeffik, their friend, Jacques Bernez, and the Count of Kervern. Kervern is a fugitive and is in hiding. Bernez is a Republican, but not of the vicious sort, and will not betray the aristocrat to the emissaries of the Government. Bernez was a priest, but has become laicised, partly to appease the authorities, partly because his sympathies are with the people. But he still loves his religion and holds his faith; he had never officiated at Mass, heard a confession, or administered any sacrament; had he done so he would never have deserted his priestly office.

Skilfully the argument is set out, the train laid for the tragedy which is to follow. A friendly discussion arises between the four of them, and it is proved that "once a priest, always a priest"; that neither apostasy nor sin can take from him who has been duly ordained his sacred office; "whom Judas baptised were not baptised again." We learn that a priest is bound to

hear confession when a penitent demands. We learn that the Count, though he would face death like a man, is so good a Catholic that the idea of dying unshriven would almost make a coward of him. It is necessary for us to make these points clear that the strength of the little story may be appreciated.

Bernez is in love with Jeffik, is prepared even to break his vows and marry her. He discovers that Kervern loves her too, and that she loves him. The Republic has sent its soldiers, the chase of the aristocrat is hot. Bernez is maddened to betray his rival when that rival tells the woman they love that Bernez is forsworn in loving her, that he is a priest. Then comes a splendid scene between the two men. Bernez tells Kervern that he shall be given up to his pursuers. Kervern meets the threat unmoved. But Bernez has a deadlier arrow in his shaft. You shall die without absolution, he says, as others have done. You shall be shot to-morrow—there is no priest near. He is deaf to the Count's entreaties, he thinks only of revenge. He will save his rival if his rival will depart, leaving the girl he loves. Kervern replies that he cannot go. Then you must die unshriven, says the other. Not so, replies Kervern; you yourself shall hear me and give me absolution. You are a priest, apostate and evil, if you will, but, on your own showing, still a priest. If it be sacrilege for you to hear me, to absolve me, according to your own showing the sacrilege is the priest's, not the penitent's. You dare not refuse me. Such, in effect, are the arguments of the Count; the priest admits the truth, and, with an awful dread and a terrible fear, he hears the confession of his rival. He hears of the love of Kervern and Jeffik, he hears that that love has led them to forget honour and restraint, that Kervern cannot leave France without her. The power and intensity of this scene can be imagined. The author avails himself to the full of his opportunity.

The confession is heard, the penitent is absolved. He is ready to die. But Bernez sees himself, and is affrighted. He has administered the sacrament of confession—he is a priest, now and for ever. He bids Kervern and Jeffik depart, and, once again wearing the robes of his sacred office, he himself



meets the bullets of the "representatives of the people," sacrificing himself that the others may be safe.

Acted very finely by Mr. Forbes Robertson, as the priest, and most effectively by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as Jeffik, Mr. Frank Mills, as the Count, Mr. Ivan Watson, as Guillou, and Mr. Bromley Davenport, as the Republican officer, "The Sacrament of Judas" provides an hour of real and stimulating drama, and strengthens the entertainment at the Prince of Wales's Theatre so materially that lovers of serious work on the stage should make a point of seeing the play, which has been admirably translated by Mr. Parker.

SPACE need not be wasted in comment upon the new operatic farce, "The Prince of Borneo," at the Strand Theatre. The libretto is from the pen of Mr. Herbert, and the music is by Mr. Edward Jones. The whole thing is mediocre in the extreme. Mr. Frank Wheeler and Mr. Nainby do their best to amuse us, but they have no real chances. Miss Cissy Fitzgerald, a young lady who has made something of a reputation in America, proved a disappointment. The music has a pleasant jingle, but is common-place; the story is silly and common-place—the whole thing is middling and common-place.

FOR the sake of the admirable acting, "My Daughter-in-Law," at the Criterion, is worth seeing. Miss Ellaline Terriss is delightful; Miss Fanny Brough, Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. C. P. Little, Mr. Seymour Hicks, give us farce acting of the highest kind, and keep us amused incessantly, not by what they have to do, but by the way in which they do it. Mr. Herbert Standing and Miss Cynthia Brooke are included in a cast which could not be improved upon. The piece itself, an adaptation from the French farce, "Ma Bru," is rubbish.

A "boom" is being worked up industriously for Mr. Stephen Phillips' blank verse tragedy, "Paolo and Francesca," which is to be published in book form before Mr. George Alexander has the opportunity of staging it at the St. James's Theatre. If Mr. Alexander persists in his intention to produce it, it is surely a mistake to publish it first. The flush of novelty will be taken from it, the audience will go to see it with minds already made up, the public will be able to read it—which must weaken its attractions as a stage play. True, the public has read its Shakespeare, yet still it goes to see him acted; but the two instances are hardly parallel—with all due respect to Mr. Phillips. From the quotations already made in the public Press from "Paolo and Francesca," it really does seem that Mr. William Archer and other high authorities who have "pledged their reputations" that the play is a "literary and dramatic masterpiece" have a good deal of reason for the faith that is in them.

Before these lines are published, "The Sign of the Cross" will have been revived once more. "Man and His Makers," at the Lyceum, "failed to attract," and the perennial "Sign" will have taken its place. Mr. Wilsoh Barrett, Miss Maud Jeffries, M. Barnes—in the part of Nero, made famous by Mr. Franklin McLeay—sustain the chief characters, and Miss Haidée Wright will be welcomed back with heartiness in her poignant portrayal of the Christian boy, Stephanus.

To complete the season, "The Black Tulip" at the Haymarket, "The Christian" at the Duke of York's, "San Toy" at Dal's, "Floradora" at the Lyric, "The Featherstones" at Terry's, and "A Royal Family" at the Court, remain, at the time of writing, to be produced. So far, "King John," at Her Majesty's, is the only big thing which has succeeded from all points of view. There has been another great financial success, "The Degenerates," at the Haymarket, but it is not an effort upon which author or management can be congratulated. Let us hope that all the other novelties will be—not only financial successes, but worthy and honourable successes of art.

No sooner is "King John" produced than we hear of the next Shakespearean enterprise at Her Majesty's—to wit, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In this, Mr. Tree pledges himself to outshine anything else he has attempted. It is a fairy play, so the need of accuracy will not in any way impede the liveliness of Mr. Tree's imagination, or the splendour of his fancy. We are promised a boy Puck—which is as admirable as a boy Arthur, especially as he will be played by Master Sefton, who has made so great an impression as the Prince in "King John." Mr. Tree is being urged to stage, after this, "The Merchant of Venice," and surely the advice is very excellent. We are also asking what has become of "Quasimodo," the adaptation from "Notre Dame," which Mr. Louis N. Parker is supposed to have in hand for this theatre? This would certainly be preferable to "Monte Cristo," which is being got ready by Mr. Henry Hamilton; preferable, that is, in subject, not in the playwright. We wish to make no invidious comparisons between these. PHŒBUS.



LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has secured an article for her *Review* in December which ought of itself to guarantee the sale of that publication. It consists in a translation of the Wisdom of Lucretius, by Mr. W. H. Mallock, into a poem in the measure of Fitzgerald's "Omar"; that is to say, one of the finest poems in the world is to be translated into one of the most beautiful metres by a thoroughly competent person. Mr. Mallock's work has perhaps not attracted quite so much attention of late as used to be the case, but those who remember his "New Republic" and "New Paul and Virginia" will at least admit that his style leaves nothing to be desired.

There was a time when Mr. Mallock took, in a more or less half-hearted way, to journalism. It was at the time when some sanguine persons thought that it would be possible to establish a new critical and literary journal on old-fashioned lines. Why this idea entered into their minds nobody could

make out; for then, as now, the only paper of that kind not purely literary which was a financial success was the *Spectator*. The speculator, who hoped to make the new paper a success, went about his business in rather a reckless way. At the outset he was quite prudent, that is to say, he bought the old *Saturday Review* for an old song and sold it for more than four times as much as he gave. Then he started an opposition paper, with Mr. Mallock for editor; but the drudgery of editing did not suit Mr. Mallock very well. Then Mr. Mallock retired. Then the speculator bought the *National Observer* and amalgamated it with his own paper, and last of all the paper died also. The truth of the matter is that books thoughtful, cultivated, polished, are what Mr. Mallock can produce, and that this particular task is the most suitable one he could have possibly chosen.

The *Author* publishes this paragraph:

"Does it occur to some of the failures who write to you that some men make a tolerable income out of fiction alone? Personally, I started as a journalist and proved myself eminently incompetent. At the present moment if I do write an article I do it badly, and at the cost of prodigious labour. But fiction comes more easily to me, and in financial return has already brought me £4,000 during this current year. I do not live in London, neither do I log-roll. I am not conscious of knowing a single human being who writes reviews. But I take note of what the public wants, and I supply it to the best of my ability. In one point I quite agree with your former correspondents—I never consider that I am adequately remunerated. I should much prefer £8,000 or £16,000. In fact, I could enjoy £32,000. But in the meanwhile £4,000 does not seem bad earning (for three-quarters of a year) for a man who much prefers (and employs) enjoyment to labour."

The letter is, of course, one which must be taken with a grain of salt, or rather more. In fact, I simply do not believe that any writer of fiction, who is not absolutely in the first rank, has made £4,000 or anything like it in the course of this or any other year. But there is this much truth in the letter; fiction with any kind of quality in it is in very great demand, and the interests of the author are wonderfully well taken care of by the agents. Besides the kind of fiction to which the writer refers, there is another and a special kind—very poor stuff too—which I have no doubt sells well. This is what is called up-to-date fiction. There are men who will produce for you on demand and on payment a tale of the Boer War or a tale of the Dreyfus trial, and, of course, they want a good price for it. It is not literature, of course, but there is a sort of cleverness in being able to produce it. The paragraph, however, is quite capable of doing a great deal of harm by encouraging persons to "commence author" by way of gaining a livelihood. The truth is that literature is a very good crutch, but not to be relied upon as a sole support.

Some sober-sided critics are very angry with Mr. Anthony Hope and the Duchess of Sutherland and the *Bookman*. Oddly enough, I find the information which the *Bookman* gives rather interesting, for it tells us in effect that Mr. Hope is much pleased with the Duchess of Sutherland's forthcoming novel, called "One Hour and the Next," which is concerned with matters of the East End, and with labour agitations. Mr. Hope is not at all the man to praise where praise is not due, and the Duchess of Sutherland is as intelligent as she is beautiful, which is very high praise of her intelligence. There is, perhaps, no particular reason for thinking that her knowledge of labour agitations and the like is profound. But that really is the best reason for writing, and for two reasons. First of all, it is the fashion to write about things which one does not understand. "Dustoor" rules literature with as rigid a rod as that which it exercises in social life in India. Secondly, it is a common-place among men who write for their living that one never deals with a subject so thoroughly and brightly as when one has to learn it.

So Mr. Horatio Tennyson, youngest of the brotherhood which was brought up at Somersby, is dead; and that is the first thing which most of the world is likely to have heard of him. He was essentially an odd person. Possessed of considerable intelligence, he practically never read a book; he was without energy and without ambition. He decried himself to Lady Taylor as "Horatio, the most morbid of the Tennysons," and he was completely carried away by the Tractarian movement. He was, in fact, a curious member of a curious family.

Books to order from the library:—

- "The Human Interest." Violet Hunt. (Methuen.)
- "Princess Feather." A. C. Inchbold. (Hutchinson.)
- "Lady Barbarity." J. C. Snaith. (Ward, Lock.)
- "Hubert Hervey: A Memoir." Earl Grey. (Arnold.)
- "A Log of a Sea-Waif." Frank T. Bullen. (Smith, Elder.)

LOOKER-ON.

SHOOTING GOSSIP.

WHEN one reads of the wonderful shooting made by some of the cracks during the first half of the present century, the question whether the skill in shooting of the sportsmen of this country has or has not improved since then often suggests itself. It is, however, a query not very easily answered, for several reasons. Not only have the weapons used by our grandfathers been very much improved in several respects during the last three decades, but the ammunition with which they are loaded certainly surpasses that obtaining during the period mentioned. In former days, of course, loading had to be performed in the excitement of shooting on the ground and by the muzzle, whereas much greater regularity and accuracy is now absolutely assured with a tithe of the trouble by loading at the breech, with cartridges previously made and charged with great care and skill. Notwithstanding, it is still open to question whether the best shot in Britain now could have beaten the best shot, say, in 1828, when shooting contests at the Red House flourished. When Captain Horatio Ross killed 79 pigeons out of 80 at 35 yds. rise there, he shot with a muzzle-loader. If he was able to perform this feat with such a weapon, what might be expected of a shot of his class now with the perfected breech-loader of to-day? It may be admitted that Captain Horatio Ross was a remarkably fine shot, probably the finest all-round marksman of the century; it may be argued that one swallow does not make a summer, and that from the records made by one exceptional marksman the average shooting skill of his generation cannot be estimated. But though Captain Ross excelled all competitors in shooting, there were numbers who very nearly approached him in all the competitions of the time. Nor were the guns they used so very far behind those of the present in shooting power. Joe

Manton was able to place splendid weapons in the hands of his customers, weapons that, when properly loaded, shot perhaps with almost as much precision as the best Purdey hammerless ejector of to-day. It is in the manner of loading then that the greatest advance has taken place, and it is in that branch of gunnery that improvement has afforded modern shooters such advantages over their predecessors. Loading has now become so easy and so accurate with the insertion of the modern cartridge that not only have we a great deal more time for burning powder, but we are permitted to enjoy longer, greater, and more continuous practice with the gun. We should be much better marksmen than our grandfathers were, for though our weapons may not be much superior shooting ones, they are much more easily and exactly loaded, and upon proper loading the finest weapons in the world, in the hands of the most skilled marksmen, are entirely dependent. As against the then marvellous skill in pigeon shooting shown by Captain Ross can be put the records in match shooting made by Dr. Carver, Captain A. H. Bogardus, and Messrs. Fulford, Brewer, and Elliot, the best of them being those in the match between Captain Brewer and Mr. E. D. Fulford, in New York, seven years ago, when in three days' shooting, at a hundred birds each per day, Mr. Fulford on the first day killed all his hundred birds, while Captain Brewer accounted for ninety-nine. On the second day their scores were ninety-nine and ninety-eight, and on the third each killed ninety-four. In shooting off the tie, twenty-five pigeons were killed consecutively by Captain Brewer, Mr. Fulford only missing his twenty-fifth bird. Mr. Fulford on the first and second days really killed 200 birds consecutively, though one fell out of bounds. True these scores were registered in America, where it may be admitted the birds are more easily shot than those now sprung at the Gun Club, but, on the other hand, we may believe that the pigeons used at the Red House were easier birds than the fast bluerocks, specially bred in these days for speed and strength on the wing. Making full allowance, therefore, for perhaps even greater precision in the modern shot-guns compared with those in the days of Manton, and the more accurate loading, the American record above mentioned must be pronounced quite equal to that of Captain Ross at the Red House. Taking records made in game shooting again, the more recent ones are far beyond those made in muzzle-loading days. This may be regarded as the natural result of breech-loading, which would alone permit such a bag as that of Earl de Grey's 316,699 head between 1867 and 1895, and the record days of Lord Walsingham and Mr. Wilson. With the shot-gun, Earl de Grey, we should say, is quite equal as a marksman to Horatio Ross at his best. In 1894 his Lordship in 3 min. shooting fired at 50 pheasants and killed 48 of them, though this performance is run hard by Captain Ross's feat of killing 83 grouse with 83 shots on the Twelfth. Ross may have been able to pick his shots, which was more than Earl de Grey was permitted to do, shooting against time, making his feat, therefore, all the more remarkable. Equally remarkable was the performance of the shooting party which included Earl de Grey at Highclere recently, memorable for having bagged 1,300 head in

three-quarters of an hour. All these records go to show that modern shooting skill has not degenerated, that, on the contrary, looking to the greater practice obtainable, no time being spent in reloading, the marksmanship of the present generation, taken as a whole, is superior to that of any previous one so far as game shooting is concerned.

But if the shot-gun has been much improved, the improvement of the rifle has been even more marked. Hence it becomes difficult to compare the stalking feats of Captain Ross and others with those of modern deer-stalkers. In 1851, in Mar Forest, Captain Ross killed 118 deer to his own rifle, his record for a single day being thirteen deer brought down with fourteen shots. Against this we can put the record bag of Mr. Walter Winans, the American tenant of the deer forest of Glenstrathfarar, in Inverness-shire, where he killed 163 stags in one season, killing twelve of these during a single stalk by getting within range of a herd of fifteen stags, and killing twelve before they got out of range. This feat would of course have been impossible in the days of muzzle-loading rifles. By driving in the same forest, Mr. Louis Winans made one of the most difficult records that can well be imagined, bringing down twenty stags in one day without a miss. Driven stags, it must be remembered, afford only running shots, and the killing of twenty consecutively without missing once is a feat very unlikely to be again performed, seeing that to obtain even a chance of equalling it one would have to rent, as the late Mr. W. L. Winans did, about ten deer forests, at a rental in all of £18,000 a year. Such shooting shows that with the sporting rifle, as with the shot-gun, modern skill is not deteriorating, even when we recognise that the small-bore of to-day is a superior weapon to the old Express, which Ross, and those of his day, handled so successfully.

Nor do the best pistol and revolver shots of the present day rank below those of past generations. In the hands of Captain Ross, the old-fashioned pistol, firing a single bullet, made what were then regarded as unsurpassable records, but they have been beaten by recent records made with revolvers and even with automatic pistols. Captain Ross's bet with Mr. George Foljambe that he would kill ten brace of swallows on the wing in a day with pistol bullets, and his winning it before breakfast, reads well, but it must not be forgotten that Rossie Castle, his Scottish residence, was infested with swallows. The performance was unique in its way, but Captain Ross selected a time of year when the swallows were nesting. At that operation they remained stationary for a few seconds, hovering in the air before entering their nesting-places under the eaves of the mansion house. It was splendid shooting even in these circumstances, but not better than Mr. Walter Winans' thirty-three consecutive bullets put on a three-inch bull's-eye with a revolver at Brighton three years ago. Volunteer records with long-range rifles also bear out our contention that skill in shooting has improved immensely along with the improvement in rifles; but we think we have written enough to show that with sporting firearms of all kinds present-day shots are quite equal to, if not the superiors of, those of a bygone generation, whose wonderful feats are recorded in many of our text books on shooting. NEVIS.

The Making of a Partridge Shoot.

DOWN AND CHALK VALLEYS.—II.

WE left our lessee with some 2,000 acres of down shooting, one-third hilltop, with a sixth, in the valley, of meadow and water-meadow, and let us hope a three years' agreement, or, preferably, a longer one. If made with the owner, the agreement must be under seal, or the tenant has power to refuse the right of entry. The remaining three-sixths of the ground will be mainly the chalky arable of the hillsides. Its drawbacks as partridge ground are its coldness and stickiness after rain, want of water, and deficient nesting ground. On the other hand, it will carry any head of game which can be raised upon it. Such land is also generally well farmed, a great aid to partridge shooting.

With the ground thoroughly known, the question is what game does the hirer wish for mainly? The top ground will hold any number of rabbits, and all of it is first-rate land for hares. Partridges will depend largely on his own management. A very large head of rabbits is not advisable. It always attracts poachers and also four-footed vermin. As the downs are singularly free from the latter, which when they do come are difficult to trap because there are no hedges, it is perhaps as well to limit your rabbits to one corner of the hill top or side, and to wire them in, though they are an excellent stand-by in winter, and useful at all times. Hares and partridges will then be the main object of the shoot. The former give a safe return for ordinary keepers' work on the downs if the farmers will co-operate. They flourish naturally on the soil, and the open character of the country makes their preservation easy. Another advantage of down shooting is that one man can look after a great deal of ground. For the greater part of the year a single keeper can, with a little help on Sundays and at harvest look after 2,000 acres of land if there are no pheasants to rear. Engage preferably a keeper who has been used to work on the downs. Neither dogs nor keepers from low ground are of much use there. They "do not know the game," and think it hopeless, which it is not, but very far from it. An active, keen man, not necessarily an expert in rearing game, is what is wanted. Such a keeper can be hired for 18s. per week, if a cottage is added. If his wages are slightly advanced in some proportion to the increase of hares on the ground no harm will be done.

Master and keeper together will soon find out what is the stock on the ground. If the fields are driven, every bird can be made to show itself. If not, the ground can be tried by taking

a setter round on the first hot days in March, when every pair of birds and every hare will soon be found. The result is certain to be disappointing, and that of the opening of the first season probably more so. Half the pairs seen will be "old survivors," barren pairs several seasons old which cannot breed, while the young birds which would be prolific have been killed down each year. As it is impossible to tell which will breed and which will not in the spring, all must be left. On lower ground Hungarian partridges bought in March do wonders in improving the stock. But the downs are too bleak and cold in spring to make the experiment answer. In more than one case where it has been tried all the birds have died, being unused to the want of shelter, long flights, and bare open country. Fresh stock is however very necessary, and this is best obtained by arranging an exchange of eggs with some other shoot on similar country, but at some distance. As a rule it does not answer to take lowland eggs to the hills. The imported eggs should be placed in nests from which those sent in exchange are gathered. The arrangement should be made personally by the owner with the owner of the other shooting; otherwise there is room for the encouragement of egg stealing from neighbouring land. Before the birds have begun laying the ground will be fairly clear of vermin. The traps will have destroyed the ground vermin in the meadows, and they do not visit the hills, as a rule, in spring. Nearly every small copse on the hill holds its pair of magpies and its pair of carrion crows. These should be killed at once, and are easily trapped. No other birds on the hill do harm, except the rooks, which do more mischief than all the vermin, taking the place which the rat occupies on lower land. Hill rookeries are horribly mischievous; but it must be left to individual taste whether partridges or rooks shall be preserved. A week's trapping will clear off every crow and magpie. Pole traps should never be set. Ground traps baited with rabbit near the copses are quite enough for the crows.

The prospects for the first season will then depend, next to the weather, on the protection of the nests. The keeper's presence will stop egg stealing, but much can be done to prevent destruction of nests and sitting birds during farm work. The help of the shepherd and carter on each farm is especially desirable. Keepers often exchange references as to the character of these men at hiring time. If they please they can become useful aids to the keeper. The shepherd saves nests when folding his sheep and keeps his dogs in hand. The carter saves them when

cutting with the machine, or leaves likely corners or pondsides unmown. Eggs near the village or near farm buildings should always be moved into other nests. The cats generally kill the sitting birds, or else they kill off the broods when hatched. During the mowing of the sainfoin and hay an incubator and foster-mother are of great use. The eggs on which hens are sitting can be transferred to the incubator and foster-mother, and the partridge eggs cut out by the machines can be placed under the hens. The egg shells left in the wild nests, as they successively hatch off, will tell what the chances of the season ought to be. But after the birds have disappeared into the tall corn, with which all the downsides are covered, there is little chance of knowing the actual results until the corn is cut. Then, as the machines go round, and the hares and birds are forced from the covert, some notion of the September stock can be gained. Later, in the evenings on the stubbles, more can be learnt.

This is not the least pleasant part of creating a shoot. In the second year the business of prospecting and counting up stock in the last fortnight of August, as the fields grow quiet, after the day's work, and when the fading light calls the birds and hares out to feed, becomes positively exciting. Shooting in the first year should be mainly done by the owner and the keeper. Its object is solely to weed out bad stock, not to make a bag. That will come in the second season. No hares will be shot and few young birds. September shooting, which should go on for a few hours every day for the first fortnight, will be devoted entirely to killing off the old birds—barren pairs first, the most mischievous of all—and when chance offers later, the old birds of the coveys. If it is a bad year for covert the ground had better be driven to kill the old birds, though this is slow work with the small stock at present upon it.

The second season will begin with a far larger stock than the ground has yet carried, and all of these *young birds*, which can be relied upon to breed. The same precautions taken during spring and summer should result in a show of birds and hares, when the corn is cut, large enough to make the lessee feel that he has scored a success of a substantial kind. The head of game will probably have increased at the rate of some twelve to one of what it was in the first season, while rabbits in the enclosed warren have probably risen at the rate of about thirty to one beyond what they stood at when the ground was taken on. Better than all, the *stock is established*, and all that the lessee has to do is to settle in his own mind how he will shoot it. This largely depends upon the amount of time he has to spare for his sport. On the whole, in this second season it is perhaps best to drive it. The stock next year will be still further strengthened. But in any case, whether he walks or drives his game, he can ensure plenty of birds and plenty of shooting, and a good backbone of hares and rabbits whenever he fancies a day on the hills.

Nor will his amusement, if conducted on these lines, be unduly expensive, regard being had to the fact that decent shooting of any kind is always an expensive amusement. Such ground as is here described is too highly rented at 1s. an acre. It ought to be had, one farm with another, at 9d. per acre. Putting the rent at £80 as an outside price for the

2,000 acres, if near a station, and the keeper at £50, with another £12 for petty expenses, traps, and hire of hens for nests cut out at haytime, the gross cost of the shoot should not be more than £150. The rent is nearly always a dead loss; but the spare game will certainly pay the keeper's wages, and perhaps cover, in a good year, the "sundries." The better the keeper knows his work, the smaller, as a rule, is this elastic item.

C. J. CORNISH.

Jack—Singly and En Masse.

"THE great fisherman, that is to say the fisherman who catches fish, always has by him in instant readiness all the apparatus necessary for any unforeseen crisis. For this is the great distinction among anglers—between those who

fish and those who catch fish. It makes all the difference. And until I had caught My First JACK I was one of the former class, and therefore had not at instant command all the apparatus for dealing with such an utterly unforeseen and unexpected crisis as hooking a jack. That is to say that I was *sans* landing net, *sans* gaff, *sans* experience, *sans* everything conducive to the successful landing of a jack. If I had had the experience I should of course have had the mechanical devices too. I should not have been ashamed, as I used to be before I caught that jack, to go out with a landing net. It looked like such great expectations, generally with such little result. Of course it is inexperience really that requires the mechanical aids so much more than experience; but the actual facts of the case are only in strict accord with the universal practice of taking the talent from the one that hath not to give to the one that hath.

"All this is intended to explain how it happened that a self-respecting person (who is now a finished angler) was taken by a most impertinent camera in the act of hugging in her arms a small jack—in reality small, but appearing of prodigious size until the judging scales pronounced his weight, and how it is that

that same self-respecting person appears in all the disorder of rod trailing hopelessly in the stream, with hat torn back by the branches, and wet feet—to express the condition of one's understandings in the mildest terms. With a landing net and a little more experience it would not have been necessary to dive into the water and embrace the jack as if he were a baby, and imperil the safety of one's rod and one's health and one's appearance. But the jack did such confusing things in the way of rushing from one side of the river to the other—it was that lovely and placid stretch of the Hampshire Avon before the Avon Castle Hotel, where the picturesque house stands in its beautiful grounds on one side of the wide river and on the other the tall poplars, that was vexed by all these happenings—that really there was no other way of securing him than dashing in and hugging him. Even then he would have got off had he taken the bait like a trout, but he had gorged it in such a way that it took more apparatus and more experience to get it out of him. But one hardly expects to be photographed at such a



MY FIRST JACK.

moment. However I am now an angler in the complete sense of catching fish, and shall without shame assume the landing net, the gaff, and all kinds of appurtenances. The age of inexperience has been passed." So far an esteemed correspondent. What can be done with the jack on a good day at the Avon Castle Hotel, by two rods, is illustrated in a rather emphatic way in our last picture. Two rods, nineteen jack, three perch, weighing 138lb. in all—truly that is A NOBLE CATCH. And what a blessing that all these pike are out of the water, not in it. For what saith Walton? "All pikes that live long prove chargeable to their keepers, because their live is maintained by the death of so many other fish, even those of their own kind."

RACING NOTES.

THE principal event of last week was the Cesarewitch, which brought out a terribly weak field for so important a handicap. I am afraid I am not one of those who think that our horses are anything like so good now as they once were, nor can I agree with a well-known Turf writer who, because the first six places were held by three year olds at the finish of the race, argues that this cannot be so bad a year after all for horses of that age. It is true that recent years have produced such horses as St. Frusquin, Persimmon, Galtee More, Cyllene, and Flying Fox, but what else was there to keep the average up when these were winning races as two and three year olds? Where are now the horses, of whom we used once to have so many, who, if not quite in the very first class, could both go fast and stay any length, and win races over all sorts of courses, and any sort of "going," until they were five and six years old? Alas! they have given place to a race of unsound, non-staying cowards, who want everything made to order for them, and then won't win unless they have at least 7lb. in hand.

Let us look at last week's Cesarewitch, the best test of a race-horse throughout the whole racing season, since it is run over a course of two and a quarter miles, on the flat, up and down hill as well, and always run through from end to end. The top weight in this handicap was Merman, an aged Australian gelding, who was never in anything like the first class in his own country, and was yet asked to carry 9st. in this race. Surely this does not say much for the quality of our English stayers. Another that would probably get the course was Asterie, a five year old mare, with 8st. to carry, but she is an uncertain sort who can only gallop when the ground suits her, and this is not the sort to improve the breed. These were about the only two above the age of three of whom it was known that they could stay two miles in a fast-run race, and most of the others were of such miserable class that a really speedy horse, stayer or not, would have beaten them over any distance. In fact I am by no means certain that Scintillant or Ercildoune, although they finished first and second, are real stayers, seeing that, whether they are or not, their class would probably have enabled them to beat such a common lot as those that finished behind them on this occasion. For instance, how could an animal like Mitcham hope to beat either of them at any weight?

To return for a moment to the question of the three year old form in this race. It is true that the first six places were filled by animals of that age, but when we come to consider that the highest weight of any of these was the 7st. 9lb. carried into second place by Ercildoune, who is undoubtedly the second best colt of his age, whilst the winner, Scintillant, who was obviously second best in the St. Leger, had only to win with 6st. 10lb., and the average weight carried by these six three year olds was only 6st. 12lb., it rather negatives the idea that this race makes out the three year olds to be any better than we thought before. There is only one good animal of that age this year, that is Flying Fox, and he could have won this race with 9st.—and probably more—on his back.

From the moment Scintillant showed us at Doncaster that he had turned over a new leaf and forgotten his curish tricks, I have never written anything else in these notes except that he could not lose the Cesarewitch, if he put the

lightest heart into his work. Since then he has won one race at Newmarket in a canter, and run with plenty of determination in another, the Jockey Club Stakes, in which he finished second to Flying Fox. I was half afraid that the hopeless task of tackling that immeasurably superior colt might have made Scintillant think that after all he had been right before, and that racing was a poor game. But no! He again stuck to his work like a glutton, and, although Ercildoune had his head in front halfway up the hill, the son of Shcen came again, quite in old Hampton's style, and won a great race by a head.

The Middle Park Plate was a very tame and uninteresting affair. Forfarshire, the best of his year, was not engaged, and Simon Dale had been beaten by Democrat at Doncaster. No one could trust Diamond Jubilee, Goblet and Captain Kettle could not hope to beat Democrat, and Lord Rosebery's beautifully-bred Sailor Lad, a high-class colt by Ladas out of Seabreeze, was obviously still backward. Democrat looked dull in the paddock, as if he were feeling the effects of his this year's exertions, and so, although he started favourite, several people fancied Simon Dale, split up, straight legged, and weak hocked as he is. When the flag fell Diamond Jubilee got off first and Democrat last, in fact so badly did the latter begin that at the Bushes he looked to be out of the race. Meanwhile Diamond Jubilee was making running at a good pace, with Simon Dale in close attendance. The last-named could not act down the hill, and Democrat, getting on terms with the leader up the incline for

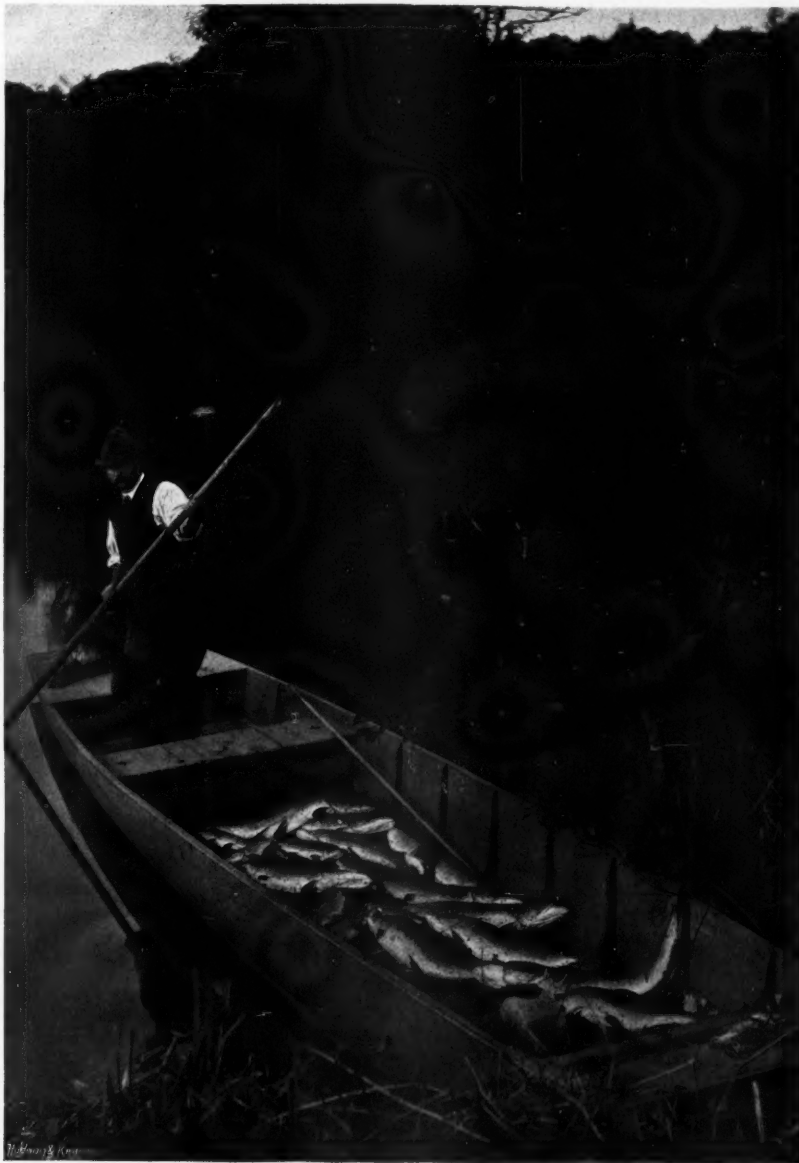
home, stayed on, and won easily at last by half a length, Goblet beating her more fancied stable companion, Simon Dale, and finishing third. There is no doubt that the winner is a good youngster, though he will never again beat Forfarshire on level terms, but Simon Dale I am afraid is a bad horse, and although Diamond Jubilee's foul temper has been in some way curbed, it is not likely that he will ever care much about fighting out a finish. Sailor Lad will do better than this some day, and the other two are a useful pair that will always pay their way.

Among the other two year olds seen out during the week, Elopement created a good impression by the style in which he won the Clearwell Stakes, and on his form with Mahdi and Atbara in this race he is evidently not far behind the best of his age—a very moderate age, I am afraid. He is by Rightaway out of Maid of Lorn, and although by no means a beauty to look at, is a good mover, and can gallop. The Bretby Stakes witnessed the second appearance of Flying Fox's own sister Vane, who won in good style, but is never likely to emulate the deeds of her illustrious brother, although she will some day be capable of better things than beating the Pyramid filly and Dum Dum. That speedy filly Bettyfield, who evidently likes five furlongs better than six, won the Prendergast Stakes very easily from Jouvence, both carrying 9st. 2lb., with the previous winner Griffon behind the pair. This smart daughter of Amphion and Thistlefield will always be useful over easy courses, though, bred as she is, she could hardly be expected to stay. For the rest, Landrail broke down when she had practically won the New-

market Oaks, and Harrow allowed himself to be beaten by Millennium in the Royal Stakes.

Altogether a most spun out and uninteresting week's racing, of seven races a day, and eight on the first day, and the brightest feature of which was the weather. The Cesarewitch was won by two useful three year olds who had been chucked in, and behind whom toiled home one of the worst fields of moderate handicap horses ever seen in this event. There was only one good two year old in the field for the Middle Park Plate, in which we used once to see all the best of their age fighting out a battle for the first three places. The so-called Champion Stakes was won by the non-staying roarer, Dieudonne—how does his name sound after those of such previous winners as Springfield, Jannette, Rayon d'Or, Robert the Devil, Bend Or, Ormonde, and Orme?—whilst surely we can hardly class Elopement, the winner of this year's Clearwell Stakes, with such as Blue Gown, Atlantic, Hannah, Silvio, Jannette, Bal Gal, and Dutch Oven, who won it in olden days.

Of the breeding of last week's winners there is not much to be said. Democrat is by Sensation, a horse who, although he is second on the list of winning stallions in this country, never did much good in America. Still, he belongs to the No. 12 family, and is by Leamington 14, son of Faugh-a-Ballagh, by Sir Hercules, son of Whalebone. Thus he comes of the right line in tail male,



A NOBLE CATCH.

whilst although he does not strain back to the English Stud Book through his dam Equality, a mare by Rayon d'Or, it is probably to her strain of Glencoe, which has evidently nicked with another of the same sire in Sensation's dam, that Democrat owes his merits as a race-horse. Elopement is very inbred to the own brothers Stockwell and Rataplan (Birdcatcher), his sire Right-away being by Wisdom (by a son of Rataplan out of a daughter of Stockwell) out of Vanish, by Honiton, son of Stockwell; whilst his dam, Maid of Lorn, is by Barcaldine, whose dam Ballyroe was by Belladrum, son of Stockwell, and strains back yet again to Stockwell through her dam Princess Louise Victoria. He also inherits two more strains of Birdcatcher blood through Barcaldine, and it is probably his wealth of this blood, added to his five strains of Pocahontas, which has made him what he is. What an ideally-bred horse this is to sire jumpers, especially as he goes back to Hermit and Retreat as well.

Bettyfield is bred principally for speed, being by Amphion, son of Rosebery, and inbred to Newminster through that horse's dam, Ladylike, and his maternal grandam, Suicide, by Hermit; whilst her dam, Thistlefield, is by Springfield, by St. Albans out of Viridis, by Marsyas, by Orlando, her dam Thistle, by Scottish Chief out of The Flower, by Wild Dayrell. It is true that she gets a strain each of Rataplan and Stockwell on her two inside quarterings, but the predominant lines of her pedigree are certainly more suggestive of speed than stamina. Dieudonne's pedigree has been discussed before in these notes. He also is by Amphion, and is bred more for going fast than staying. Still he gets some very hard blood through his dam, Mon Droit, who is by Isonomy, and gets another strain of Stockwell through her dam, In Bounds, so that he ought to be stouter than he is. It must be his inbreeding to that soft brute Hermit which makes him the non-staying peacock that he is.



W. A. Rouch. *CESAREWITCH: WAITING FOR LATHERONWHEEL.*

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have about him is that he may not yet have become sufficiently acclimatised to do his best. I know that Robinson's stable expected to win the Prince Edward Handicap, the Duke of York Stakes, and the Cambridgeshire. They have won the first, run second for the next, and may run second again with Oban for the third, in which case they will probably be beaten by their Kempton Park marplot Ercildoune, whilst Irish Ivy and Scintillant are found to be among them at the finish.

Bloodstock Sales at Newmarket.

NEWMARKET is always a bad place at which to sell bloodstock, and especially during the Second October Meeting; so that, as might only have been expected, small prices were the order of the day both on the Wednesday and Thursday in last week. It is also true that there was nothing worth much money offered, with the exception of that beautiful and speedy horse Kilcock. Of the forty-eight lots offered on the first of these two mornings, twenty-five changed hands, and the only sensational bidding was that for the above-mentioned son of Kilwarlin and Bonnie Morn. The last genuine bid for him was, I believe, one of 2,900 guineas, which was certainly far below his value, since he is not only the truest-made race-horse in the world, but a rare weight carrier, and in his best day the speediest horse in training; over his own distance, which is a little short of one mile. Nor is he nearly done with yet, and there is many another race in him probably, whilst I know of no horse in the kingdom who, mated with a certain class of mares, is more likely to sire race-horses. It may be that his sire does not come of a line fashionable in the present day, but on his dam's side he is descended from that once great sire Beadsman, and strains back to King of Trumps. I think he is a very likely horse indeed to restore the lost prestige of the Arbitrator and Lord Gough line, whilst in my opinion a horse of his beautiful quality, perfect conformation, terrific speed, game, honest disposition, and hard, wiry type generally, is far more likely to sire race-horses than the big, soft, unwieldy animals that are often thought to be worth thousands of pounds. The Racing Calendar speaks for his brilliant speed and extraordinary power of carrying weight, whilst his make and shape and exquisite quality are well shown in the accompanying illustration.

Amongst those sold, the best prices were realised for Bend Or mares, who are invaluable for the stud just now. Of these Bend Sinister, by the Eaton sire out of Vaurienne, by Galopin, and covered by Earwig, went very cheap to Mr. Brodrick-Cloete at 530 guineas, whilst Mr. Leonard Brassey's Doremi, by the same horse out of Lady Emily, by Macaroni—Stockwell and Sweetmeat—and covered by Bay Ronald, made 610 guineas, her purchaser being Mr. W. P'Anson. Other lots sold at fair prices were St. Loup, a yearling colt by Wolf's Craig out of St. Editha, by Kingly Vale, bought by Sum Durling for 800 guineas; a chestnut foal by Bend Or out of Can't, by Dutch Skater, her dam British Queen, by Trappist, for whom Captain Greville gave 460 guineas; Ginestra, by Galopin out of Star of Portici, and covered by Janissary, who made 250 guineas; whilst 200 guineas was the price paid for Prince Soltikoff's bay colt foal by Sheen out of Coquette, by Scamp; and Mr. Brodrick-Cloete gave 500 guineas for Vapour, by Barcaldine out of Aedesia, by Sterling, and covered by Ravensbury.

On Thursday matters went from bad to worse, as only eighteen lots changed hands out of the forty-six offered. Mr. Ellam sent up some yearlings bred at his Warren Stud Farm at Epsom, but very few were sold, and those at knock-out prices. I am afraid that the public will not yet awhile take to



W. A. Rouch.

IRISH IVY.

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Scintillant is a rather curiously-bred horse, but he ought certainly to be a stayer, if only from his combination of Birdcatcher and Blacklock, whilst he has two strains of Newminster to give him quality and speed. His sire, Sheen, a rare stayer, is by Hampton, the bravest horse that ever struggled to a finish, out of Radiance, by Tibthorpe, by Voltigeur, whilst his grandams are descended the one from Rataplan and the other from Stockwell. Here we get a grand combination of Birdcatcher, Blacklock, and Touchstone. To this Scintillant's dam, Saltire, adds two more strains of Birdcatcher, through Stockwell, to nick with the same blood in Sheen, together with another strain of Touchstone. Scintillant therefore is bred both to go fast and stay as he has shown that he can, and, curiously enough, there is no trace of softness in his pedigree, unless it may be through Bend Or's dam, and no one knows for certain what mare that really was.

For the Cambridgeshire, run on Wednesday next, I can see nothing to beat Scintillant and Ercildoune, amongst those who took part in the Cesarewitch, unless it be Irish Ivy, who was pulling her jockey out of the saddle up to the Bushes last week. As she will be meeting Scintillant on 8lb. better terms, she may succeed in turning the tables on him this time, though she can hardly hope to beat Ercildoune, to whom she has now to give 4lb. instead of 5lb., as in the longer race. The last-named also meets Scintillant on 7lb. better terms than he did then, and of these three I therefore infinitely prefer the Cesarewitch second, if he can be sent sound and well to the post. Oban, who on his best Australian form has been chucked into this handicap with at least 10lb. in hand, at 7st. 4lb., is a very likely colt to win, and the only fear I



W. A. Rouch. *BLOODSTOCK SALES WAITING THEIR TURN.*

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Colorado as a sire, good stayer as he was when in training. From Lord Zetland's stud, a yearling filly by Queen's Birthday out of Verdigris, by Springfield, her dam Griselda, a rare old grey mare by Strathconan, whom I well remember at the Aske Stud, made 320 guineas, Sam Darling being her buyer; and when Mr. R. A. Brice, the breeder of Forfarshire, the best colt of his year, sent up a yearling colt by that horse's sire, Royal Hampton, out of Queen of the Adriatic, by Doncaster, men naturally began to bid, whilst being quite a good-looking youngster as well as a beautifully-bred one, Tom Leader had to go to 600 guineas before he became the owner of what I thought was a cheap colt. A still cheaper lot, I thought, was the two year old filly, Scotch Lily, by Martagon out of Braw Lass, who must be worth a lot more than the 140 guineas she made, if only as a brood mare. I was surprised that Mr. Taylor-Sharp's young Llanthons did not make more, and this is a sire that I think will some day score a success; but I cannot say I like anything I have yet seen by Carbine, good horse as he was himself in Australia, and a child of his out of Mint o' Money probably fetched its value when it was knocked down for 25 guineas. We shall probably see more business done and better prices realised at the December sales.

In the meantime there will be some bloodstock sold at Newmarket again during the Houghton Week. On Wednesday next, October 25th, Muffin Bell, a bay two year old colt by Common out of an Albert Victor mare, will be offered, and another single lot will be the brown mare Brand (1887), by Blandford (son of The Duke) out of Hall Mark, by Standard (brother to Sterling). A regular Yardley pedigree this, and anyone wanting Birdcatcher blood ought to look at this mare. On the same day we shall see five cast-offs from the Kingsclere stable in the sale-ring, and everyone knows how many good horses have been bought out of that stable in this way. I doubt if Royal Emblem, a bay three year old colt, by Royal Hampton out of Thistle, by Scottish Chief, will ever justify his lineage; and St. Bris, who never was a good horse, although he has won a Cesarewitch, has seen his best day. Still, he is by St. Simon, was a rare stayer, and is bred on the right lines to make a stallion. Mark Forard, a bay three year old colt, by Rightaway out of Hall Mark, by Sterling, was a good two year old, and there may be a good race in him still; whilst his own brother Premature, foaled on the 28th of December, 1896, may win handicaps later on, when his birthday will be no longer against



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LEAVING THE SALE-RING.

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wall in another place, and shall be much obliged if you will kindly say if these ferns will grow if planted in the mortar of the new wall. I thought of laying a "dry" course over them, so that the roots would have the water underneath them only. As I shall have a few dozen of Trichomanes and Ruta muraria to spare, I shall be very pleased to give them to any of your correspondents who can make use of them. I fancy they are not always to be had. You are at liberty to give my name and address to any who desire a few roots of these ferns. —B. R. GREIG (Colonel), Avon House, Chippenham.

[We do not think replanting the ferns named, and in the way suggested, will be a success. These ferns require old mortar; but as you are anxious to cover your new wall, have, between two courses of bricks, a thin layer of the old mortar, into which the roots of the plants could be laid, leaving their crowns just outside the new wall. Plant them in this way as the building goes on. Not more than from half an inch to three-quarters of an inch of the old mortar would be required wherever the ferns are to be planted. The ferns you mention grow well in pots, and without any mortar whatever, although their roots certainly dislike fresh lime. Planted as suggested, they stand a fair chance of living on the old material until the lime in the new mortar is sufficiently dead to suit the fern roots. —ED.]

TAMING BIRDS IN CAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have no doubt there are many readers of COUNTRY LIFE who are interested, as I am, in trying to tame young cage birds. I am not one of those who think that a caged bird is a pitiable object, "rightly struggling to be free." The mistake that people make in this judgment is the very common one of judging others by themselves. They would not like a cage, and they infer that a bird does not. The truth is that, though flying seems a very delightful exercise to us who cannot do it, a bird, who can, does not care to take the trouble to fly unless it has some motive. If it has food and drink in plenty it seldom takes the trouble to fly. And people who see a bird "beating itself against the bars," as the phrase goes, judge every caged bird by that one. That bird is either one that has been caught wild, and then caged, and lives probably in a state of perpetual fright, or is at all events in a state of temporary fright. I would never cage a bird caught when grown up, though I would not say that even such an one might not be taught to become quite tame and reconciled to its cage. But the process would mean suffering for it. My contention is that a bird taken from the nest and treated with such kindness and good sense as to render it quite fearless does not suffer the least from its confinement, and never "beats itself against the bars." It lives contented and happy with lots to eat and lots to drink, important factors in the content of bird life. But it was to give a hint to others who like myself may be lovers of birds in cages that I began to write, and was distracted into a defence of our taste. I have lately noticed that young birds are very apprehensive of any flapping movement between them and the light. It was while putting on a cape at my window that this fact was forced on my notice, for a bird in the room—a very tame greenfinch—began at once to "beat itself against the bars," or at least showed every sign of terror. I repeated the experiment on a small scale, with results that showed beyond doubt that it was the flapping before the light that alarmed the bird. One must often have noticed how caged birds at a window cower down when a big bird happens to fly past. No doubt it is the inherited fear of a hawk, and the instinct to seek shelter when one appears, that makes them do so, and no doubt, too, anything like a large flapping thing between them and the light suggests the same cause of terror. The practical inference, then, is that caged birds should be placed as near the window and the light as possible, so that no servant carelessly swinging a duster may cause them a fright. In all respects the light and air near the window will be good for them so long as they are kept out of draughts. So much depends for a caged bird's happiness on its absolute tameness and freedom from fear that we cannot, I think, be too careful how we avoid all occasions of terrifying it. —A. D. F.

APPLES FROM THE SEA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In an evening paper I read the following announcement: "A curious thing has happened on the western shores of Mull and Iona. Thousands of apple seeds have rooted along the high-water mark of the spring tides, where the apples from the wrecked Dominion liner, Labrador, were strewn in such profusion. The seedlings are already from 2 in. to 5 in. high, and are healthy and vigorous. The crofters are transplanting the strongest roots to their gardens." Now, Sir, I would ask you, presuming this story to be true (and there is no reason to doubt its truth), are not the crofters losing their time and making themselves liable to disappointment, in all this? Is it not a fact (I do not speak as a gardener, but ask the question as one in search of information) that out of a multitude of apples raised from seed only an occasional one will



W. A. Rouch.

KILCOCK.

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him; and Hermiston, a bay four year old, by Rightaway, dam by Galopin out of Braw Lass, by See Saw, might pay well if he were added to the list and schooled over fences. Sir Robert Affleck is sending up three useful yearlings, two of whom are by Kilcock's sire, Kilwarlin, the first out of a Bend Or mare, and the second out of Miss Mannering, by Blair Athol; and among a lot of three yearlings "the property of a gentleman," I have heard a good account of the black filly by Poulet out of Serenia, by Cremorne, her dam Sardinia, by Stockwell, who is unbroken, and has no engagements. There ought to be plenty of bidding for that handsome colt The Baker, now four years old, by Bread Knife out of an Uncas mare; and as all Miss Emily's (by Thurio out of Miss Hetty, by Albert Victor, her dam Empress, by King Tom) children win races, her chestnut yearling colt by Gallinule ought to make some money. Sir J. Thursby is sending up that very speedy horse The Tartar, by Chittabob out of Tantrum, by Lord Lyon out of Vex, by Vedette, who both on the score of breeding and performances ought to make a good sire. The December sales will take place on the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th of that month, and I shall have something to say about them later on.

OUTPOST.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GROWING FERNS IN STONE WALL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am moving a stone wall in which are many plants of Trichomanes, Ruta muraria, Ceterach (very few), and Polypodium vulgare. They are all growing in mortar, which, on pulling the wall down, I find is powdery, so that the roots of the ferns can be removed without injury. I am about to rebuild the

be anything but a crab-apple, so strong is the tendency to return to the original type? I ask whether this is so partly from curiosity, but mainly from a desire that the poor crofters (who have rather a black life of it at any time) may not be deluded. It would surely be the truest kindness, if the fact is as I suspect, for someone to tell them—the disillusioning news could be conveyed to them by the medium of the resident ministers—that they are wasting their time and deluding themselves with a vain hope. If I am wrong, then I must apologise for troubling you with this letter.—A SAXON.

FISH MUSEUMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I crave the space of your columns in which to give expression to the wishes of myself, and lovers of the pole and angle worm. This year, while tripping round Norway, I visited the museum at Bergen, and to my great delight found an exceedingly well-ordered fish section, containing specimens of all the fresh and salt water fish of the country and its coast-line. These specimens were mostly immersed in some kind of liquid, and were preserved or represented in all the freshness of their natural colouring. I tried to elicit from the doorkeeper details of the methods used in their preservation, but as I understood Norse in the least degree, and he had no English, we came to no satisfactory understanding. And now for the object of this letter. Why in our otherwise perfect Natural History Museum is there no section devoted to the fish of our native land, or rather waters? Certainly there is a fish section of the South Kensington Museum—arranged by the late Frank Buckland—hidden away in a dark and remote corner, where one may see dusty casts of prehistoric salmon, afflicted apparently with fearful diseases, together with a few tanks holding some poor wretches of the trout species absolutely dying from neglect—a complete chamber of horrors, in fact. Cannot the authorities of our museums take a lesson from their fellow-scientists at Bergen, and gratify our eyes with a faithful representation in colour and form of the fishes of Great Britain, at least, if not of the world? Trusting that this appeal will be supported.—PISCATOR.

[Our correspondent raises two interesting questions. The second of them is old, but none the worse for being raised, but we confess that we should like to hear more of the Bergen method of preserving fish.—ED.]

TRAINING A KESTREL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]



PREPARING TO HOOD.

SIR,—As you have asked for articles on falconry, I shall try to write something about training a kestrel, which may induce other boys to do the same. In July last I got two kestrels from Marton Hall, in Salop. They were taken when just ready to fly. One was a female, and we thought the other was a female too, but it turned out to be a large male. They were both very good tempered, and I turned them loose into an aviary for a few days, which had laths nailed all over it to prevent them from hurting themselves. I put jesses on them, and began to train them. The female got away one morning with the leash on, and I never saw or heard of her again, so I am afraid she got hooked up in a tree. The other one got very tame, and soon jumped to the fist or lure. I called him Thunderbolt, because he was so gentle and mild. In a fortnight he would come thirty yards in a string to the fist. I also gave him one or two bagged sparrows in a creance. I let him go at liberty, and he killed bagged sparrows and small birds well. He never got into the bad habit of screaming, which was good, as kestrels generally do scream. He never went far from the house,

although he had never been hacked. "Peregrine," who has written an article in your paper, was staying with us, and gave me some hints, and wanted me to hood him for practice, but as Thunderbolt got savage when it was done, I left it alone. He flew one or two bagged blackbirds, but although he beat one in flying he never killed. The one he beat faced him on the ground and pecked at him. It was very funny to see them sparring at each other and then waiting about a foot off one another between the rounds. After four or five minutes Thunderbolt flew off, so did the blackbird—another way. I soon taught him to wait on and hover, and this is how I did it. I swung a lure to him, and when he came near put it out of sight; he then went up six feet, and sometimes thirty feet, and poised himself in the air like wild ones do when mousing over the fields. My father took him to Salisbury Plain when he went for lark hawking with Michael Angelo, of which you have had a photograph in your paper, as I couldn't go on account of a sprained knee. When at the Plain, at a place near Shrewton, he was at liberty nearly all day, and used to go mousing over the Plain with some wild kestrels. Sometimes he stooped at a lark, but



CAPTURE OF WILD KESTREL.

never caught one. He used to play with Mr. Michell's two merlins that were at hack. Yesterday he and a sparrow-hawk, called Dorothy, had a double flight at an old cock sparrow; the kestrel first made a stoop and hit, but did not bind; he then went on to the ground, and the sparrow-hawk, thinking Thunderbolt had got the sparrow, came down by him, and they started sparring, but were soon up and after the sparrow again. This time the sparrow-hawk got the sparrow and killed it. It has been very little bother to train the kestrel, and he makes a very good pet, he is so amusing. When I let him off in the morning he used to go soaring about 100ft. above the fields near our house, and sometimes a rook would come along and have a game with him. It was rather pretty to see them circling round and making sham stoops at each other; they would do this sometimes for five or six minutes at a time. There was also a family of wagtails that had been hatched in the farm buildings close by. One of Thunderbolt's favourite perches was on the ridge of the barn. The wagtails would come round and tease him till he made a stoop at them and chased them over and round the roofs and chimneys. They didn't seem a bit afraid of him, and evidently enjoyed the fun as much as we did watching them. I may say the father of the wagtail family was killed and eaten by Michael Angelo, the merlin you illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of May 20th last. Michael Angelo was a much more deadly hawk than Thunderbolt, and a splendid footer, which Thunderbolt is not. A curious thing happened one day when Mr. Madge, the photographer, came up to take the kestrel as he was "waiting on." A wild kestrel joined him, and they made some play with each other at first, and then began crabbing; both came to the ground, Thunderbolt topmost. As they were fighting on the ground Mr. Madge ran forward with his camera and had a snap-shot at them. We then caught the wild one as Thunderbolt was binding to him. He is now in training, and shapes very well. His legs and cere round the eyes are a very bright yellow, much brighter than the trained kestrel's. Thunderbolt often stays out all night, and sometimes all day, as if he were at hack. I am sure anyone could train a kestrel. Next year I hope to have a more sporting hawk. Enclosed are some of Mr. Madge's photographs. I write this on my sixteenth birthday.—OSWALD GARDNER.



WILD KESTREL TIED DOWN.